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# WEEKLY PEOPLE.

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## ANTI-TRUST BRYAN.

### Big-Nobs With Millionaire Alfred Orendorff.

**Bryan Saving Himself for the Notification Demonstration—Ottendorff Says Rest Condition of Laboring Element Betters the Bryanites of Illinois.**

LINCOLN, Neb., July 21.—Mr. Bryan and his guests to-day Alfred Orendorff, the millionaire and late candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Illinois; J. W. Yantis, nominee for State Board of Equalization, and H. W. Clemens, editor of the Illinois "State Register" of Springfield. They took dinner with the Bryan family, and between bites managed to tell Mr. Bryan a great deal about the meeting of the Illinois State Committee yesterday and of the very encouraging reports given in by members thereof. The party came direct from the meeting and acted as a committee to complete arrangements with Mr. Bryan for his entertainment in Chicago prior to going to Indianapolis.

Mr. Bryan was rather averse to attending any demonstration where he might be expected to make a speech before the official notification, but he was assured that the entertainment proposed was of the social order, consisting of a series of receptions at various places in the city, and he need not make a speech anywhere. It was, therefore, arranged that a delegation from Chicago should act as an escort from Lincoln, leaving here on Monday evening, Aug. 6, arriving at Chicago the next morning and departing in the evening for Indianapolis. The gentlemen also put in a good word for Millard F. Dunlap, treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, who was to be on the Executive Committee, in spite of the fact that Illinois is already represented. Dunlap was out here some three weeks ago, seeking for some one to be named at Mr. Bryan's request.

Mr. Glendonin asserted that Illinois is fairly a doubtful State this year. Democracy had gained rapidly since 1896, and he believed they would win this year, and it was equally certain that the German-Americans were rapidly leaving the Republican party. This was not so much on Imperialism—although that had alarmed them—but because of the oppressive taxation of the internal revenue law. So many are small business men, who dislike being taxed on their business document, especially when the Government has a surplus on hand, and they resent it more than they do anything else the Administration has done. He did not believe the Germans of Illinois looked upon Oswald Ottendorff as a leader of opinion or would follow them, but that they took their counsel from Carl Schurz.

General Orendorff said to the reporter after his interview with Mr. Bryan: "I think the Democrats have a fair chance of carrying Illinois this year on account of the defection among the Germans, but the restless condition of the laboring element and the effect of the trusts upon consumers generally is what worries us. We will draw largely from the Republicans on all three of these issues. The party is harmonious and aggressive. The differences that have heretofore existed in the Democratic party on the money question will now have no effect in Illinois. Many who have heretofore voted against the Democratic party on account of silver will now vote for it because the Republican majority in the Senate will make it impossible for the Democrats to change their present financial system, while all being that the Republican party is stayed from raising any question as to the ratio between gold and silver, because, having control of three branches of the government it has not seen fit to change the existing ratio."

The party will remain here for a day or two, and it is expected that other Illinois leaders will be here for a conference with Mr. Bryan on political matters. Chairman Lindsey of the Nebraska Republican State Committee said to-day: "Nebraska is among the doubtful States this year. Every report we have receives that assertion. The Prohibition party is a piece of cake. The Bryanites are heroes who have recovered, and will pull the Bryan vote out of the Bryan strength. The road-rollers will pull 5,000 straight votes away, and the prospect of the farmers and stockmen has been of such volume as to insure the return of many of them, while the Socialist Labor Party is a growing factor."

will make up an itinerary that he will fill.

The Populist National Committee headquarters in this city will be formally opened on Monday, when Secretary Edgerton comes from Denver to assume active charge. Chairman Edmisten will lay plans. The committee will pay very little attention to the South, but will devote its energies almost entirely to combating the mid-road movement in Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas. Literature will be the weapons they propose using, but quite a number of speakers have been listed. The itinerary for these will practically be prepared by the Democratic committee, with whom the Populists will be in close touch. Pettigrew, who was reported some weeks ago as violently opposed to the substitution of Stevenson for Towne on the electoral ticket, is now said to be reconciled to the change. This may be because he has been informed that Towne absolutely refuses to run and that the good faith of most of the Populist leaders has been pledged to the carrying out of the agreement.

### POWDERLY FACED.

**Socialist Ex-Alderman McGuire Tells Him Blunt Truths.**

Terence Vincent Powderly, Commissioner-General of Immigration, and former General Master Workman of the order of the Knights of Labor, attended a reunion of Local Assembly 1,502, which was held in Columbus Hall, State and Court streets, Brooklyn, last Saturday evening.

This organization was one of the most aggressive in District Assembly 49, was the first to agitate for the Saturday half-holiday and also among the first to begin the fight against Mr. Powderly when he was at the head of the Knights of Labor.

Mr. Powderly made a speech, in which he said that he had always striven for peace and had never taken the initiative in a quarrel. He remarked that there were some of the old-timers present who would bear him out in his assertions. Matthew McGuire, a former Socialist Alderman of Paterson, N. J., then spoke up and said that Mr. Powderly had suspended Local Assembly 1,502 for imposing the first boycott, and that he, McGuire, had then remarked that Mr. Powderly would end his career as a politician. The prophecy, continued Mr. McGuire, had turned out to be correct, and the Knights now saw Mr. Powderly at the head of the Bureau of Immigration.

He referred to the deportation of Fitzharris and Mullett, the Irish Invincibles, and said:

"We have the spectacle of Powderly, once leader of American labor, acting as the chief boxer in the United States, his life devoted to the task of keeping out foreigners."

Powderly was nonplussed by the unexpected torrent of truth.

### THE CHINESE ARMY.

**An Unwieldy and Untrained Multitude—Fight With Bows Arrows.**

WASHINGTON, July 21.—The Bureau of Naval Intelligence this morning made public a statement of the armed strength of China, based on a report of A. E. Marshall, of the British Army. The statement gives the number of fighting troops as 205,000, divided as follows: Manchurian field force, 50,000; Manchurian irregulars, 20,000; fighting braves, 125,000; Chien Chun, or disciplined troops, 10,000. In addition there are 680,000 reserves under arms; as follows: Pekin field force, 13,000; banner troops in Pekin, 75,000; banner troops in provinces, 55,000; Luh-Ying, or green standard regiments, 503,000.

Another statement says that the grand staff of the Russian army in St. Petersburg estimates the total number of Chinese troops, on the strength of information from their military agents, at 1,732,000 men. This is made up of 205,000 field troops, composed of 50,000 Manchurian regular and 20,000 irregular troops; 125,000 active and 10,000 disciplined troops; 680,000 reserves, composed of 15,000 field troops of Pekin, 75,000 called by the name of Eight Flag Troops in Pekin, 95,000 of Eight Flag Troops in the provinces, and 500,000 of the Lu-In or Green Flag, and 838,000 troops of various other denominations, including guards, reserves, gendarmes, Manchurian militia, 108,000 river and canal guards, transport convoys and troops formed of men of different alien races.

It is admitted that these figures cannot be accepted as absolutely accurate, owing to the difficulty of obtaining correct information from Chinese sources. On paper there are 60,000 cavalry and 805,000 infantry and artillery. Many of the so-called cavalry have no horses, and only a few detachments are armed with carbines and rifles. The great majority still carry lances and bows and arrows. Only a very small part of the artillery has received any special training. The batteries stationed in Chih and Turkestan are considered to be the best. Most of the Green Flag troops and the reserves are totally untrained.

The best-trained troops, who have been under foreign instruction, are the detachments of Gen. Ni-Shih-Chen—15,000 men—and of Gen. Yuan-Shih-Kai—17,000 men—the latter being employed for the defence of the coast of the Gulf of Pechili, Betana and Taku. These detachments are chiefly armed with Mauser rifles, of which about 900,000. It is stated, have been imported into China by German and English firms during the last three years.

## LOSING THEIR POWER

### Compers' Meeting in Denver Collapses.

**A Mass Meeting Called in "Honor of the Executive of the A. F. of L." Is a Frost, and Compers, Lennon and O'Connell Freeze the Frost Over With Their Fly-Paper, Rip Van Winkle Twaddle.**

DENVER, July 18.—Though the thermometer registered on an average 96 degrees in the shade during the past week here in Denver, a sudden drop in the atmosphere occurred last night. Luckily the frost was confined to a limited area. Only some of the leading lights of pure and simple trades unionism experienced the chill.

The occasion was a mass-meeting of "organized labor," in honor of the executive board of the A. F. of L. The meeting was held at the Lyceum Theater, but the masses failed to come. At 8.30 p. m. there were exactly twenty-six persons present by actual count, half of them members of the fair sex. This number kept on increasing until by 9.30 fully 130 members of the masses sat there in front of the footlights and listened in wonder and astonishment to the tale told by Compers, John B. Lennon, James Duncan and J. O'Connell, of the "Victories of Trades Unionism."

According to these worthies all social and economic progress from the abolition of black slavery to woman suffrage, the development of the individual as well as of society, in fact the law of evolution itself, is due and can be traced to the Trades Union. Mr. Compers, fat and stoupy, true to the approved style of the fakir or political crook, started by soft-soaping the people of Denver. "Glad to be in Denver," "proud to speak in Denver," "exceedingly pleased," "people of mountainous countries will not tolerate tyranny!" (Applause) Why will they not? 1. Health-giving breezes, invigorating air. 2. People of mountains usually look up; looking up makes them courageous, brave, etc. People like that will finally gain—the eight hour day. And so he went on, three quarters of an hour of meaningless phrases, carefully chosen words, but not one solitary idea, wise or other wise; not once did he refer to the St. Louis strike, the Cour d'Alene, Leadville or Hazleton, not once to the economic revolution that has taken and is taking place and is knocking him out.

He then dwelt upon the superiority of the American wage-worker when compared with foreigners: the foreigner becomes dizzy at the velocity with which we work! We produce more per worker than those of any other country. With a low, slow, tearful, sobbing voice he proceeded to tell of that and day for Colorado when the eight-hour law was declared unconstitutional. He pronounced it a grave wrong, a deep injury, a midnight assassination. I was reminded of the "Crime of '73." After admitting that the eight-hour law would solve nothing, he closed his address by prophesying that the workers would get it, not through legislative enactment, but by the workers simply refusing to work longer, which statement brought forth a ripple of applause from a handful of well-known anarchists, who had come to shake hands with Sammy.

John Lennon of the tailors, started with a personal biography, and brought down the house stating that he had been a trades unionist for thirty years, and had always found the union a good thing. After telling the audience that, after thirty years of study and experience, he had come to the conclusion that there was no royal road to the solution of the labor problem, he turned off his stream of wisdom and eloquence to give way to James Duncan, who told of the reason why his friend Lennon was bald-headed and why Compers had shaved off his moustache. This kept the audience, which started to leave during Compers' and Lennon's address, good-natured and in their seats until James O'Connell, the last speaker, could get his chance.

Well, O'Connell can tell a story better than any of the others, and that is all he did do. Verily, a star aggregation! Thomas Patterson, Mayor Johnson and Wolfe Londoner were also advertised as speakers, but failed to appear. If these be the "leaders," alas for the rank and file! The work they have been doing must first be undone before the seed of a class-conscious, intelligent Socialist movement can sprout and grow, before we can lead the workers over the only royal road to victory.

## MALLONEY IN LYNN.

**The Socialist Presidential Candidate Unmasks Both McKinley and Bryan.**

LYNN, July 18, 1900.—The Socialist Labor Party held a meeting here last night on the common, and about seven hundred persons attended. It was the hottest night of the summer, and had not all that could get away gone to the beaches, the meeting would surely have been still larger.

The chairman of the meeting was Geo. R. Pearce, the late candidate for governor on the S. L. P. ticket. He gave a brief history of the S. L. P. in this country, and particularly of the last year; he also showed up the S. D. P. and the lying reports they have circulated in the papers lately about fusion with the S. L. P. He also explained about our Party press and the reasons why the working men should support it.

The speaker of the evening, Joseph F. Malloney, the Socialist Labor Party's candidate for President, was received with great enthusiasm and was listened to with great attention.

The speaker explained the position of the two old parties toward the working class. The Republican party is the party of the capitalist class. Through the tremendous economic power wielded by the trusts and combines, they brow-beat the class-conscious wage worker into support of the Republican party. The Democratic party is the party of the middle class, the small fry in manufacturing, store keeping, farming, etc. The middle class would be capitalists if it could. It is ever straining to attain unto capitalism, but its impotent economic power holds it down. The middle class therefore, becomes reactionary and strives to grasp the political power in order to preserve the outworn condition necessary to its existence. Needless to say the middle class attitude toward the wage worker is even more exacting than even that of the capitalist class. The middle class, in order to live, must have the entire hide of the wage worker so unfortunate as to work for it.

The speaker showed that the working class had nothing to hope for from the two old parties, other than an increase of the misery, degradation, and riddled diet if they protested. The speaker declared that only by the intelligent class-conscious effort of the wage workers can the working class be freed.

He then appealed to them to support the party of their class, which is for their class and by their class—the class-conscious Socialist Labor Party. The speech made a profound impression.

### CROWDING SOCIALISTS.

**Man Who Distributed Their Papers and Got Arrested for It Says So.**

John Cooke, of 441 East Seventieth street, was a prisoner in the Yorkville police court yesterday charged with having violated a city ordinance by distributing hand bills in the streets.

Cooke is an enthusiastic member of the Socialist Labor Party, and is, incidentally, a reporter on the DAILY PEOPLE.

He was prominent at an open-air ratification meeting held on Saturday evening at Second avenue and Seventieth street. After the meeting he gave out sample copies of his paper. He was promptly arrested by Policeman McMann, a reform officer, and locked up in the East Sixty-Seventh street station.

On the way to the station, McMann was handed a circular advertising a series of games gotten up by Tammany heelers, but never attempted to arrest the fellow who gave it to him.

Mott was himself, and, if anything, more than himself; snarling and snapping more than usual, and commenced his usual game of blackguardly browbeating. But he had caught a tartar this time, as Cooke stood to his guns, and told him that his (Mott's) party, the Republican, gave out literature, and so did Tammany H. all and the Socialist Labor Party had the same rights. Cooke told him that it was not the giving out of papers that bothered Mott—it was the giving out of Socialist papers that cut him.

Mott was by this time foaming at the mouth with rage, and, when Cooke said, "This is the result of Tammany crowding us; we were just holding a meeting of the Socialist Labor Party," he snarled, "I don't want no Socialist speech; parties are nothing to me. You will pay a five-dollar fine."

## PAPER-BOX STRIKE.

### The Employees of Robert Gair Earn a Deal.

**Visited by a Reporter for the "Daily People," These Men on Strike for Something Less Bad Conditions Discover the Labor Movement for the First Time—Children Employed at Five Cents For Three Hours.**

At the Robert Gair paper box factory in Brooklyn there has been a strike on for three weeks. This factory, it seems, does its own printing. It is only the printers who are out, about thirty of them.

The DAILY PEOPLE reporter went over to interview both the striking employees and the employer. He had a long talk with the strikers, most of whom were intelligent, and after explaining the principles of the DAILY PEOPLE, they became very communicative.

Their demands are very moderate and reasonable. They only ask \$12 a week in their wages from \$10 a week, and recognition of their union. The factory is not organized, but it seems to be a great stumbling block to the way of the strikers, they being a small part of all the employees of the factory. By vigilant picketing they have been able to keep out other applicants for work. In spite of their natural intelligence, their views on the industrial question didn't seem to reach beyond the narrow bounds of their craft. When they were asked how long their stomachs would hold out in the strike, one of them answered "about six months."

"How long do you think your employer's stomach can hold out?" asked the reporter.

"About 500 years," sarcastically answered one of the spokesmen.

"When your six months are up your employer will probably say in the language of a railroad magnate: 'Lay a man with an empty stomach on a shelf for six months and he becomes a corpse; lay a dollar there and at the end of six months it is as sound and as good as ever.'"

"Yes," said one of the strikers, "but our employer will be losing money these six months."

"Your employer has nothing to lose," answered the reporter.

"Nothing to lose?" simultaneously exclaimed several strikers. At the same time they were scrutinizing the whites of the eyes of the reporter.

"Did you ever think," said the reporter, "that all wealth is produced by the working class? That they have received only one-fourth and the other three-fourths are held by the capitalist class as unpaid labor. And they only hold it because the law protects them in the wrongful possession of it?"

This seemed to catch the boys like a cyclone, as it were. One bright-looking young fellow seemed to grasp the whole idea by asking: "But how will we get possession?"

"Get possession the same way we put them in possession. As we voted them in, let us vote them out of possession."

"That's right," exclaimed several of the strikers.

It was shown to them that they were not fighting the capitalists on these sensible lines. That instead of embodying the ballot in trade unionism, they say no politics in trade unions.

They admitted that their means of fighting the employer was comparatively limited, and after they were exhausted they would be at the end of their tether. They thought the trusts or big capitalists were harder to fight than the little capitalists; but finally admitted that the little capitalists, if any difference, were the most brutal skinnners. They also admitted that they had been in the dark as to what the working class should do with the trusts. They were pleased when told that the Socialist Labor Party proposed to take possession of the trusts.

Robert Gair has made \$12,000,000 off his employees.

"Yes," said one of the strikers, and he has never paid us a cent for it."

"Don't you think it is about time," said the reporter, "you embodied the ballot weapon in your union and strike at the ballot box and demand that you be reimbursed \$12,000,000?"

"Good!" said one of the strikers. "This Robert Gair is afflicted with heart disease; he has an enlargement of the heart, so large that he would close down his whole factory only for the balance of the employees. He employs a large number of children ranging from ten years upward. He pays these five cents for three hours' work. When the factory inspector comes around, this heart-diseased man hides them in different water closets."

## CITY PICTURES.

**A Workman Killed in the Trenches, Another Gets the Blame.**

Oh, my dear Charley, what shall we do? He was such a good man; such a good husband; such a good father. Oh what shall we do? And then she fell back into a chair.

This was uttered by the wife of Charles Witter who yesterday got crushed by having a cable car pass over him. He was at work in a trench being dug in putting in a new trolley line. The cars pass over this trench. Witter was stooping down in the trench, but a part of his body was above the surface of the track. As the bosses are driven to get the greatest amount of labor power possible out of the workmen, these are in constant fear that they will get fired if their nose is not constantly on the grinding stone. So when the car approached, Witter was not only engaged in extreme physical labor, but he was probably also absorbed with the fear of getting fired. In the words of his wife, "he was such a good husband; such a good father." Probably he was thinking "what will the dear ones do if I should lose my job?"

At all events the car passed over him tearing off part of his scalp and terribly mauling his back and shoulders. He was conveyed in an ambulance to the hospital. If the capitalists had to use chattel slaves in building street car lines, they would have watchmen to give warning to the workmen of approaching cars. This they would be forced to do to prevent losing five hundred or a thousand dollars in a dead slave. But when they are built by wage-slaves the capitalists run no such risks.

Not even the slightest provision is made for these workmen to protect or alleviate their sufferings in the present torrid waste. But the horse car companies have awnings stretched to rest the horses under.

In this case it is not enough that Witter should sacrifice himself upon the altar of capitalism, but the motorman of the street car must also be a victim in grinding out profit for the idle class. To create large dividends the motorman are constantly being forced to make the greatest time possible. If there is any one killed or maimed, the capitalist keeps clear of the criminal law by making a scapegoat out of the poor motorman. So in this case the motorman had to pay the penalty for the sins of the street car owners.

In all the different industrial systems that the world has seen, the capitalist system is the only one where the servant or producer of all wealth, had to suffer the penalty for the crimes committed by his master. If the words servant and master are offensive to the working class, then look into our law books, especially the law of contract, and there they will find the wage-class altogether spoken of as servant and the employing class as master.

In civil cases the judges always speak of these two classes as servant and master. The only party that proposes to wipe out both master and servant is the Socialist Labor Party. When the whole wage class votes this ticket, there will no longer ring in our ears, "Oh, my dear Charley; what shall we do?"

### SKINNING THE SHORN.

**A Buffalo Street Railway's Device for Adding to Its Coffers.**

BUFFALO, July 10.—In the DAILY PEOPLE of July 12 there is an account of a reporter's experience as applicant for a job on a trolley line. In this city it is the doctor that is the great mogul.

For instance, the applicant for a position on some street railway line in Buffalo calls at the superintendent's office, and in turn with many others, answers to the call "Next." He then goes before two representatives of the superintendent, who ask a few questions, and then refer him to a certain doctor for a physical examination. The applicant for a position calls and presents his card of introduction to the physician, which is given him at a few questions. That will be \$1.50. Mr. So-and-so. If the \$1.50 is not forthcoming, the examination ceases; but, on payment of the fee, the examination proceeds. The list of extra men is already overflowing, yet, day after day, one after another these applicants are directed to this physical examination, the report of which is returned to the railway office with some "technical defect beyond repair." The physician gets or "takes" the \$1.50 of the applicant, and he gets the position on account of the unfavorable report of his physical condition.

The applicants for jobs have been made before they make application, the doctor takes their hide.

## LIGHT IS BREAKING.

### Notorious Compers Fakir Is Hooted by Workingmen.

**John Tobin, of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union, Tried to Entice the Shoeworkers of Salem into His Dues-Trap—He Is Listened to and Then Hooted, Jeered, and Left Alone in the Hall.**

SALEM, Mass., July 21.—Some time ago the shoeworkers of Salem heard that John F. Tobin, president of the Boot and Shoeworkers' Union, had made a contract with Messrs. Casson & Daly, shoe manufacturers, the former to furnish the Boot and Shoeworkers' Union stamp, the latter, in return, to furnish John F. Tobin with the quarter's dues of the employees. We were on to the game and prepared for the fight.

We invited the employees of the Casson & Daly factory to our headquarters and we held a meeting with O'Keefe, the victimized shoeworker of T. A. Donovan & Co., of Lynn, through the machination of Fakir John Tobin. The comrade very convincingly and forcibly explained the situation and tore the mask off Tobin's face. The bunco-steering pure and simple fake was laid bare, so that each and every one of those present were on to the game.

This Friday night, July 20, was a very hot night for John. It seemed to him, judging from his speech, that the old Witch City is dead easy. He didn't expect any of the bad Socialists here. In a fakirish style he held a meeting of the employees of said factory in Forester's hall, on Essex street. All the workers were present, and a good many other shoeworkers. The hall was over filled, 300 persons at least being present. Working women furnished their quota to the number of about 100. Tobin explained his aims and objects and showed himself up in great style what he is, and pointed to the workers how they would enjoy his sick and death benefit—after they were buried.

He invited questions from the floor thinking that the sharpest question this crowd was apt to ask would be whether a Canadian quarrier wouldn't be refused by the officers of the Boot and Shoeworkers. But alas, the unexpected happened again. A shower of questions fell upon him from all parts of the hall, and such strong ones they were that it made John's face wrinkle. Biting his lips with rage, he vainly tried to dodge. Each question was met with a storm of applause in which the women took a good part.

It was so strong and decisive that John looked as though he felt the avenging Hammer of the Socialist Labor Party and the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance coming down on him strong and heavy.

He vainly tried escape through fishy answers; the audience were on to him. Men and women yelled, Why don't you answer the question? Thereupon our comrades seized the bull by the horns, and attacked Tobin and his "fake" from the floor. The audience were with us, as was shown by their conduct. Tobin's interruptions were met from all corners of the hall with such words as "Shut up, fakir," "Get out of the hall, yourself!" etc. "Tobin is a traitor" was the common slogan; the air was so hot for Tobin that his eyes were red as fire. He then resorted to extremes and ordered all strangers to leave the hall, and thought he could bluff the employees of Casson and Daly over again. We called upon the audience to leave the hall, and the fakir alone, and follow us to our headquarters in Phenix Block, where we would allow Tobin to discuss with us.

We furnished a line of march, and the crowd followed us with cheers. Tobin and three or four persons were left in the Forester Hall to think over what happened. Women and men went to the Socialist Labor Party headquarters and we then had a good meeting. Our comrade, O'Keefe, from Lynn, was with us, and in his able manner, showed up the bunco-steering game of the B. & S. Workers' Union (?) and Tobin. We had also Ollham, of Lynn, and he spoke on the S. T. & L. A. Owing to the late hour, and that the speakers were anxious to get home on time, the meeting adjourned to meet again next Monday, July 23, at 8 p. m. It is expected to make it hot for all the skinnners, fakirs and robbers of the working class.

JOHN WHITE, Organizer.

### MONROE DOCTRINE!

The United States which protested so often and so long against the territory-grabbing proclivities of England, has given an example worthy of being followed: Alaska, West Indies, Philippines, and now it is China. It will not be long before the work which is now being done will make it necessary to recognize the fact that Central America has invaded, and must be "Christianized." Also will it come to light that valuable franchises had been granted before hostilities commenced.



## BULL PEN

Being Prepared for Striking  
New Jersey Miners.

**Sheriff Ready to Coerce Strikers—Men Are Quiet—Complain of Pluck-Me-Stores and Other Abuses—Fakir Abroad in the Land—A F. of L. Man Turns Deputy.**

DOVER, N. J. July 17.—There are breakers ahead for the New Jersey miners. The organs of the capitalist class contained a blood and thunder story about striking miners in New Jersey, who, so the panderers of the Rep-Dem tribe said, were threatening to use 100 tons of dynamite. They are also accused of throwing stones down the shafts of the mines on the heads of non-striking miners.

Scouting danger at once to the working class, knowing that all of this black paint was not daubed on the miners without an object, the DAILY PEOPLE at once sent a representative to the scene of the supposed trouble.

The strike is among the iron miners in Morris county, New Jersey. Port Oram, Mount Hope and Richards mines; in fact, about all the iron mines in Morris county, over 1,500 men, are out on strike against a reduction of twenty-five cents per day in their pay.

At Port Oram the representative of the DAILY PEOPLE met the employees of the Port Oram mine, about 100 husky looking men who assembled in the woods a half mile away from the mine. There was no drunkenness, no disorder. Determined men they seemed, but they laughed long and loud at the notion of using dynamite.

"Why," said one of them, "the dynamite is nine miles away, over where of the mine-owners." As for dropping stones on non-striking heads: "There are no miners in the mines. They are all put or else in the daily papers."

The reporter asked them if they were organized. They said that an agent of the A. F. of L. had been there the day before, and collared enough money to pay for a charter, and then left, after promising to come back soon and organize them. Then the DAILY PEOPLE man talked organization to them. Not the kind they had been duped into, the kind their enemy, the employers, will force them to pay dues to, by holding the dues out to their wages, but a working class union, the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance, which fights all the enemies of the working class—capitalist and labor fakir—all the time.

The men listened and applauded, and when some defender of the A. F. of L. was called on to stand up and defend pure and simple, not a man dared stir. But from the edge of the crowd came a sneer at Socialism. It was not a fakir who sneered. It was only a skate. One of those very cheap betrayers of the working class who hope some day to be a full-fledged fakir, and who sees in the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance the death of his hope.

Asked to give the workers present some reasons why they should join the A. F. of L., this skate flustered and talked fight, but like all his tribe, quiet, when his bluff was called. Another skate who is to be an officer in the A. F. of L. union, when it is organized, said: "Well, the A. F. of L. is bigger in numbers than the S. T. & L. A., and, besides, we have gone into it already and damned if we are going to step out now."

Enough to carry them over. They'll be and then into the open, these fledgling fakirs sneaked away to carry on the debate in the manner typical of such gentry, whispering accusations to any man they could coax away.

The DAILY PEOPLE reporter put in a couple of hours with the men in the woods and then went to interview Peter Peulvan, superintendent of the mine. A beetle-browed, savage-faced man is Peter. Such an one you would not care to meet in a lonely spot. He evidently knew nothing of the DAILY PEOPLE, and when he looked at the reporter's card, he asked what was wanted. Then he told all he knew.

There had never been but three strikes in that mine, and the men were damned fools each time. Besides that, they had no "kick coming." Wages were too high and the price of iron was falling. "You bet, they'll lose this strike," he said.

"Why, they allus kick when pay day comes after three weeks' work instead of two weeks; they don't have money enough to carry them over. They'll be whipped and crawlin' back for their jobs soon." Devoted to his master, hating any man who dared to rebel, he was almost a perfect type of the janitor of the proletariat, the slave-driving slave. "I've worked yer, boy an' man, 33 years," was the way he announced his degradation, and his pride in it.

Then the constable in general and deputy sheriff for the occasion, James M. Bay, was interviewed. He has a reputation that he would sooner shoot than eat, but looks as if he would sooner steal than do either.

He like Peter Peulvan, did not have the hardihood to accuse the men of even contemplating violence, but, like Peter, he hated to admit anything in their favor. When asked, why were so many special deputy sheriffs sworn in, and what was meant by the blood-curdling

stories about dynamite, violence, etc., sent out, he reluctantly admitted that there was no danger whatever. He exulted in the fact that the mine-owners were bound to win, and that just now times were hard.

This deputy sheriff job is a good one. It pays from \$4 to \$7 per day. So good is it, that one of the A. F. of L. strikers deserted already and took a job as deputy. Well, he is only a little more open in his treachery to his class than the leaders of the A. F. of L. Another valiant would-be-murderer of unarmed men is John Woods, a saloon keeper, who violates the state law every Sunday and both robs and poisons the miners. Now, he has got a job at \$7 per day to kill them.

The miners have been receiving from \$1.50 to \$1.75 per day. The owners reduced that to \$1.50 to \$1.25.

The houses are owned by the mine owners. The most miserable shack brings \$7 or \$8 dollars per month rent. The company pluck-me-store is here in disguise. Prices are scandalous. Never was there juster cause for strike, and the capitalists, knowing this, have prepared a man trap for the men, out of which it is proposed to drag them into a bull pen, a la Wardner.

This is what is meant by the lies about violence in the capitalist papers; this is what is meant by the arrest of Charles Bowden and J. Berry, who have committed no crime known to the laws.

The men are to be goaded, if possible, into some act which will give the excuse to use the deputy murderers already sworn and the rifles and cannons these limbs of the law talk so glibly about out there in Jersey.

And what will stop it? Between these mainly looking Jersey miners and the blood thirsty gang of hired assassins there stands nothing, unless the DAILY PEOPLE shall turn the light so strongly on these fiends, that they will slink back into the darkness to await a more favorable chance.

One of these miners said: "Mark Hanna is trying our bosses and they take it out of us."

Caught between the deep sea of proletarian misery and revolt and the devil in the shape of the labor fakir, the miner after being tried to pay the political black mail which Mark Hanna extracts from the boss, has to turn over what little he has left for dues and, worse still, his vote to the Dem.-or Rep. labor fakir.

Keep your eye on New Jersey. Pekin is not the only place a massacre may occur.

nor Wardner where a Bull Pen can be built.

## MALLONEY HITS HARD.

**Drives Home Lessons of American Revolution.**

LAWRENCE, Mass., July 23.—The Presidential candidate of the Socialist Labor Party, Joseph F. Malloney, addressed two rousing open-air meetings of workmen Saturday afternoon and evening, in this city.

The aggregate attendance at both meetings may be conservatively estimated at 1,000 persons. The speaker made a profound impression on his hearers, many of his hits on the capitalist political parties and their "prominences" being greatly relished. He explained the meaning of the class struggle, showing that the American Revolution of 1776 was a necessary and logical act springing from the material interests of the Revolutionary Fathers.

An interpellation at this point from some miseducated sentimentalist to the effect that George Washington was the greatest and best man of whom history has record, gave the speaker ground from which to drive home his point with stinging force. When he told that George Washington was a slave proprietor and from the bone and flesh of his chattels had drawn an amount of substance that made him, perhaps, the wealthiest American of his time, the blank, surprised expression on the multitude of faces around was a revelation of how carefully modern capitalism has, through its schools, press, and prostitute lecturers, instilled into the minds of the nation those things which capitalist society regards as good for its proletarian members to know, and how carefully all else has been buried and concealed.

The Presidential candidate of the Socialist Labor Party is a peerless campaign speaker. A strong man, physically, his fine presence and earnest, impassioned eloquence, rendered yet more effective by powerful voice, and at times, great speed of delivery, attract and hold in strictest attention all who come within hearing distance of him.

His matchless wit, every ready, enables him immediately to turn and send back with crushing force any remark of a hostile or unfair nature from the enemies of working-class politics.

The capitalist press of this city found itself obliged to admit, though with the usual reservations and qualifications, that he knew what he was talking about, and pictured present conditions truly, but objected with unanimous voice to what it spoke of as the "irreverence" of the speaker for the great American patriots of the past. A Republican sheet of this city itself is responsible for the following "irreverence" and—"irreverence" in its report of the meeting: "Some of the great names of history, including those of Washington and Representative Carey, of Haverhill, came in for their share of attention."

Malloney, it is true, associated Washington with slavery, but never did, and never would, associate the name of the great general of the American Revolution with nasty, whining, sneaking curdem.

## TAMMANY STENCHES.

Disinfecting a Chance for  
Boodle.

**Perfunctory Manner in Which the Work Was Done—Obscene Language Used by the Disinfectors Is Rank Enough to Counteract Any Disinfecting Done—Miserable Dwellings That Should Not Stand.**

The DAILY PEOPLE reporter was out again to-day stirring up and exposing the stench of capitalism; or rather, he has been following up the Tammany gang in their efforts to cover up some of the horrors of present capitalist society. The press of Monday advertised how the city, dads were going to thoroughly disinfect the squalid part of the city on the following day. The reporter started out with the disinfecting squad from Baxter and Park streets. It was in charge of A. Blauvelt, Chief Inspector of Contagious Diseases. It was accompanied by a squad of police and a Board of Health physician. From the great noise the yellow press made over it the day before, the reporter was under the impression that it would be a momentous affair, but quite on the contrary, it was really tame, and even a schoolboy affair. Still it was pregnant with object lessons.

Why this disinfecting? The slaves nor their habitations, before the Civil War, never needed disinfecting. Why are the disinfectors, through their municipal government, now so anxious about the health of the poor? If the working class have any doubt of the capitalist owning the government, let them go out on a strike and see whether the police force called out to protect the strikers or the owners of the factory, street cars, etc. Well, probably these are questions the working man should never ask. At least McKinley and Bryan would say so. Anyhow, we've asked.

The disinfecting consisted of nothing but sprinkling the yards, closets and rooms with a dubious white liquid. The reporter asked one of the sprinklers if the liquid was poisonous.

"I wouldn't, at all, be afraid to drink a quart of it," answered the sprinkling man.

"To convince you that it's harmless," continued the sprinkling man, "I'll just disinfect this fellow's fish."

Suiting the action to the word, he drenched a vender's fish. As the fish vender didn't seem to mind it much, the reporter was convinced that it was no more disinfecting than pure water. Still to dispel all doubt the reporter asked the Board of Health physician what were the ingredients of the liquid.

"You can search me," sarcastically answered the physician.

The reporter at first was wondering what all this sham disinfecting really meant. Unsupplemented simplicity was expelled when some of the sprinkling squad told him that all the disinfected people got a tip the day before the squad's coming. This made it plain that all this disinfecting was merely bulldozing them into cleaning up their premises.

It is necessary to the health of the poor that their premises should be kept clean. The reason for not keeping them clean was given by a janitor of one of these "disinfected" buildings.

"With so many people crowded in such close quarters it is impossible to keep them in a sanitary condition," said the janitor.

The capitalists are most interested in preventing an epidemic from breaking out. It is true that most of them are now at a safe distance from epidemics at resorts as in Europe. But you see when they flee from heat and disease, they can't take their blood and bone grinding apparatuses, in the way of factories, street cars, stores, offices, etc., with them. The breaking out of an epidemic would stop these apparatuses from grinding out profit for Mr. Capitalist and some of them might have to live off of their own sweat. So the capitalist class must, through their government prevent epidemics. If the capitalist government officials make boodle out of harmless disinfectants, so much the better for the boodlers.

Some of the disinfecting squad used such vile language to the wives and daughters of these workmen's quarters, that should the DAILY PEOPLE publish it, the capitalist government would indict it for obscene language. It is true, these disinfected quarters were composed of Italians, but these Italians belong to the same working class that the poor Americans do.

The most squalid places that the reporter was in, were Italian ten-cent lodging houses. But the reporter, after visiting some ten-cent lodging houses in the American quarters, found them even worse. As the reporter is an American, such facts hurt his national pride. These are facts that we American working men must learn from.

The DAILY PEOPLE reporter was anxious to know if the Italian press was

doing any more to wipe out these capitalist monstrosities than the English capitalist press was doing. So he interviewed some Italian editors. The first was the editor of "Bollentino Della Sera." It is a Republican paper.

"Don't you think your people are suffering great economic wrongs?" asked the reporter.

"Ah, certainly," sighed the Italian editor.

"What remedy do you think the Republican party has for these wrongs?" queried the reporter.

"What kinds of wrongs do you mean?" enquired the editor in a manner showing that he was beginning to smell a rat.

"Your countrymen down in the slums are very poor and live in squalor," said the reporter.

He dodged the reporter by saying: "Our people are better off under McKinley than they were in Italy."

"If I have," said the reporter, "emigrated from hell and find the world only a better hell than the other. I don't think I would vote for McKinley or Bryan when the only proposed to modify hell instead of abolishing hell."

"But our people mostly have plenty of money," again dodged the editor.

"But I have just been through the living rooms of your countrymen. I have found them in extreme poverty. What remedy have you for these wrongs?" again insisted the reporter.

To this question the reporter never received any answer.

"Probably some of the Italian Democratic papers can give this all important remedy," enquired the reporter.

At this the editor even excelled Mark Hanna himself in abusing the Democratic press.

"As you don't seem to have any remedy, probably if the Italian Republicans and Italian Democrats united, they would devise some remedy for your poor countrymen?" asked the reporter.

At this the editor flew into the composition room.

The reporter next visited the "Il Progresso Italo Americano," an Italian Democratic paper.

"Have you any remedy for the wrongs of your countrymen?" enquired the reporter.

"Yes; we must abolish McKinley's imperialism," answered the editor.

"How," enquired the reporter, would this abolish poverty?"

"When," answered the editor, "we abolish imperialism we will have abolished militarism."

"How," again asked the reporter, "would the abolition of militarism abolish poverty?"

The reporter, not wanting to reach Boston by going round an Italian Democratic circle, said goodbye, and went in search of another Italian Democratic Republican paper.

The next one was "L'Araldo Italiano." This paper was a Republican. The editor asked the politics of the DAILY PEOPLE. When told it was a Socialist paper he, too, flew in the rear of the building, saying he didn't have time to answer questions.

The reporter came to the conclusion that the Italian Democrats and the Republicans didn't have any more for the working class than the American Democrats and Republicans. They all have the same object, and that is to cajole the working class so as to be skinned by the skinning class.

## CHIPS FROM THE BUZZ-SAW

**Gathered by a Young Propagandist.**

DOESN'T IT SEEM QUEER TO YOU that the possession of the product of man's ingenuity, inventions, is limited to a certain number of years, but that the possession of land or property, which he has not produced, is eternal?

DOESN'T IT SEEM QUEER TO YOU that the "Choinal," which is getting "socialistic," should advocate the election of Mr. Bryan?

DOESN'T IT SEEM QUEER TO YOU that the United States government is displaying so much solicitude in the well-being of "our" ministers and missionaries in China, while it allows its citizens at home to be murdered day after day in our sweat-shops and factories?

DOESN'T IT SEEM QUEER TO YOU that our government allows 7,000 of its citizens to be killed or injured yearly in the coupling and uncoupling of cars when there is a U. S. Statute making the use of automatic couplers compulsory?

DOESN'T IT SEEM QUEER TO YOU that the Sheriff of St. Louis could not swear in enough of the "best citizens" to protect their own property?

DOESN'T IT SEEM QUEER TO YOU that after six weeks of talk and bluster the "New York Journal" was not able to present enough evidence to the Grand Jury to secure an indictment?

DOESN'T IT SEEM QUEER TO YOU that in this "prosperity" of ours there can be found an individual ready to sell his blood in order to keep from starving?

DOESN'T IT SEEM QUEER TO YOU that no arrest has yet been made in that presidential "assassination" case?

DOESN'T IT SEEM QUEER TO YOU that half of the jurors chosen for the Goebel murder trial are Goebel Democrats?

DOESN'T IT SEEM QUEER TO YOU that the Republican party should boast of having "liberated 10,000,000 of the human family from the yoke of imperialism" to bring them under the yoke of wage-slavery?

Guess they realize that in the division of the working class lies the existence of Capitalism.

ERNEST KATZ.

Keep an eye on your wrapper. See when your subscription expires. Renew in time; it will prevent interruption in the mailing of the paper and facilitate work at the office.

## SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Exploited Intellectual Prole-  
tarians.

**Summer Vacation Instead of an Unmitigated Snap is a Time of Toll-Continuous Study Required to Keep Abreast With the Times—The Woman Teacher in Summer.**

The general belief about teaching as a career is that it may or may not be filled with hard work during several months of the year, but that, at any rate, the summer vacations, and other vacations at other times of the year, combine to make one long unmitigated soft snap. Isn't there usually one holiday every week for teachers and students alike, and isn't there a week or two at Easter time and another week or two at Christmas time, and isn't there the long vacation in the summer? To be sure. But then, general belief is at times all wrong, and in this instance it sways over three-fourths of the way to error. For there is the summer school, an institution that has arisen for the benefit of the teacher and also to do her out of the long months of rest and idleness.

You seldom find the teacher nowadays who pretend to get along without extra work in the summer. During the school year the work varies from the two or three or four recitations a day of the college teacher to the half dozen or more classes a day of the public school teacher. Those who seemingly have the least work are, however, the greatest workers. Take the teacher in a woman's college who has science in any of its branches for her specialty. She may hear few recitations, but she must keep studying and reading and investigating all the time, if she doesn't want her particular department to run down and become unpopular. Then she must keep her own enthusiasm at high tide or the students will become indifferent and lose their interest. In course of time when they go out as teachers themselves, it will get to be known that that one department is not so good as the others.

What is true of science is true of history and literature. In none of these subjects can the teacher stand still for a moment or she will fall behind the times and rust. The keeping up with her reading and studying holds her quite steadily to work. Besides, if she is a scientist, she must organize out-of-door trips on recreation days to study bugs or birds or fungi or rock formation, or whatever has to do with the particular branch. She must make these trips so popular that every one will want to go. Now, the person who isn't keenly interested in bugs or fungi, and who feels that the fate of the world does not depend upon discovering a new member of the moss family, realizes that to remain keyed up to a degree of enthusiasm means something in the way of vitality.

The college teacher, to be sure, isn't bound to add the duties of a chaperone to her list. That duty belongs quite exclusively to the little teacher in a boarding-school, who, poor thing, has no let up from school life. Fortunately, she seldom needs to spend so great an amount of time over her class-room work. But if the college teacher escapes the duty of being chaperone she often assumes it for the sake of being accommodating.

In some of the women's colleges, not in all of them by any means, the teachers are called upon to do all sorts of work aside from their teaching. They are put in charge of the different cottages, with the responsibility of looking out for the health, well-being and good behavior of all the young women in the cottages. One will be left to keep the books and discharge all the duties of the dean, besides having her full quota of classes. The treasurer, instead of being an officer all by herself, will be another of the teachers with work in plenty to do and with recitations interspersed in her daily life.

Then, as has been said, there are the summer schools. Summer schools that belong to universities are taught by the university professors who stay right along. The teachers in the women's colleges, many of them, go to such schools for the sake of getting well up in their own lines. Especially in those colleges where the teachers do much besides teach, it is almost a necessity for them to go to school again in the summer. They work hard, too, attending lectures and studying in between times to get all they can out of it, and since the summer school stretches over the hottest six weeks of the season, there is not so much fun connected with it as you might think.

To find the summer school enthusiast in all her vigor you would need to visit one of the scientific schools, like Wood's Hall, where the faculty is made up of teachers from all the different colleges and where enthusiasm is a mild name for it. Here you may find the teachers who for fifteen consecutive years, as soon as vacation has begun, have trotted toward Wood's Hall to keep on investigating

the real inwardness of biological questions.

It seems almost like a fate, indeed, that educational conventions light on either the Easter holidays or the Christmas holidays as the proper time to convene, and in that way manage to cheat the school teacher out of some more merely idle time. If she is a teacher in the common school it will be the State convention. She usually decides it is wise to attend, especially if her school principal is going to be there, for one must cultivate an interest in even conventions, if one is a teacher. Scientific conventions are what fall to the lot of the specialist who attends them out of choice.

Under the present arrangement of society wealth is produced so niggardly that it is also distributed still more niggardly. Under Socialism it would be produced abundantly, and it would be distributed generously. Hence there would be need of but a small amount of labor, either intellectual or physical, to produce abundance for all.

## THE FIGHTING S. I.

**Is Making the Far Fly in the Buckeye State.**

COLUMBUS, Ohio, July 23.—On next Wednesday Otto Steinhoff will appear before Judge Dick on the trumped-up charge of creating a disturbance. Last Friday night Steinhoff was addressing an open air meeting at the corner of Gay and High streets under the auspices of the Socialist Labor Party.

While Steinhoff was speaking a medicine fakir started in to do business right beside him. The fakir sang and played a banjo accompaniment, while his understrappers joined in the chorus. The medicine man created such an uproar that it was with difficulty Steinhoff made himself heard. Finally, seeing that their scheme was likely to fail, the fakirs, who were evidently in the pay of the old party heeled, rushed upon Steinhoff and pulled him from the box. The Socialists called upon the police for protection. They refused to arrest the man pointed out as having committed the assault. Steinhoff demanded the officers' numbers, which so much enraged the cops that they called the patrol wagon and took Steinhoff to the lockup. When they arrived at the jail the captain would not allow the prisoner to be locked up, but paroled him to appear before Judge Dick. The Judge postponed the hearing until next Wednesday.

## RIOT INCITED.

**Peaceful Miners Assaulted by Sheriff.**

DOVER, N. J., July 21.—Hibernia, where six hundred miners are on strike, was the scene shortly before noon yesterday of a high-handed violation of law on the part of armed thugs called deputies.

A number of strikers were standing watching a crowd of men at work and occasionally jeering them in a good-natured way. When six of the armed thugs made an onslaught upon them with clubs and revolvers. The thugs, in violation of the law and despite the right of citizens peaceably to assemble, attempted to drive the men off the public road. The men naturally indignant, refused to retire, and when attacked, resisted the thugs, among whom was a local leader of the A. F. of L., who had taken a job from the mine owners.

The men assaulted by the thugs remained in possession of their position and refused to budge, as they were acting well within their rights. The mine owners' agents telegraphed for Sheriff Baker, who arrived on the scene accompanied by a large force of deputies.

Instead of arresting the riotous thugs or deputies, the Sheriff drew his revolver and with a great show of bravado, rushed into the crowd of strikers and made a great parade of heroically arresting three inoffensive men who made absolutely no resistance, and even now do not know why they were arrested, whilst the thugs, who committed the assault, were allowed to go free.

The three men arrested were immediately taken to Morristown on a special train that had been ordered to be in readiness some hours previous by the mine owners. They prepared their "riot."

To-day the men arrested were charged with murderous assault on the sheriff.

The sheriff says he was in danger of his life and that the deputies were attacked. As the sheriff certainly saw no attack made on the deputies, and as he also upon his arrival saw no signs of trouble but immediately drew his revolver and threatened to shoot a number of men, the sentiment prevailing is that the sheriff must have been drunk or is attempting to cover up his deliberate and flagrant violation of the law in the interest of the mine owners by lying. The arrests of yesterday were made for the purpose of disheartening the men and forcing them back to work at the terms fixed by the companies; and the sheriff, in his willingness to use the power in his hands in violation of the law against the men peaceably meeting, is giving due notice of the fact that the men will not be allowed to meet and settle upon their actions as a body. The miners are standing firm despite the fact that the bosses have not alone the fakirs, but also the county government on their side. It is said that if the men are not overawed by the brutality of the sheriff the companies will ask the governor for troops.

## THE QUAKER CITY

Hears Glad Tidings Preached  
by the S. L. P.

**Active Campaign Being Carried—American Boxers versus Chinese Boxers—Old Party Heelers Squelched—A Doctor Learns Something About the Trade.**

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 22.—The Socialist Labor Party is carrying on an active campaign in this city, three or four meetings are held every week later on more will be held.

Last week's agitation was closed on Saturday night with the most enthusiastic meeting ever held in this city, at Cumberland street and Kensington avenue.

Two weeks ago Saturday evening, the Philadelphia cops tried to break up a meeting on this corner, but, of course, they failed in their dirty work, and they got a good roasting from Clark, who was speaking.

Ed. Seidel opened the meeting Saturday and introduced S. Schulberg, Schulberg, while speaking, was interrupted by a member of the "Starvation Army" who called him a "heathen" because he said that the "American Boxers" who murdered twenty-four working men in this state in 1897 were more guilty than the Boxers of China, and before we tackle Chinese Boxers let us do away with the "American Boxers." After Schulberg was called a heathen he pitched in and showed that the same papers that are to-day moulding public opinion against the Boxers of China, justified Sheriff Martin and his gang of murderers on the ground that "Poles" and "Huns" were killed.

No sooner was this religious (?) truthman shut up than a ward-heeler interrupted the speaker by starting an argument in the crowd. The workmen that wanted to listen shut him up, at the same time the speaker invited the disturber up to the platform to refute anything that was said, and if he had not nerve enough to take the platform he should keep his tongue quiet, and after the speakers are through they will answer all questions.

Schulberg closed by telling of the "Bull Pen" that was built at Wardner, Idaho, for the reception of striking wage-slaves, the part the Democratic and Republican officials had in the murder of Min Devine and other workmen. All workmen that desire freedom and justice for their class will vote for Malloney and Rammel, the candidates of the Socialist Labor Party.

Samuel Clark, the candidate for Congress in the Fifth Congressional District of Pennsylvania, was the next speaker. Clark told how in that past week while the exploiters of the working class were loafing at the mountains or sea-shores, a workingman, slave, a member of the Socialist Labor Party, Arthur Percival, while working at the new building at Cramp's ship yard, was overcome by the intense heat last Monday about 3 p. m., fell from a plank at which he was working and was picked up dead. Percival is no more, his neck was broken. Who murdered that man? It was the capitalist class who robs us then threaten us with starvation by not giving us the opportunity to earn a living.

Clark further pointed out how the children of the wage-workers are like so many flies in the pan in the past two weeks, and how the entire working class suffers in the mills and factories of this land producing wealth that goes into the pockets of an idling, loafing, capitalist class. The only remedy, the speaker continued, lies in the workers becoming class-conscious and voting the ticket of the Socialist Labor Party.

The speaker further showed how the capitalist class robs the workers in the countries, and that the working class of the world must organize for the purpose of getting first political and the economic power.

The last speaker was L. Fish. A doctor interrupted Fish, and wanted to know why the Socialist speakers appeal to the working class. Fish answered by telling this doctor that his class either interested in robbing the working class or else they depend upon the bodies of wage-slaves; how doctors rob the poor, so that they will be able to cure the rich. Fish further told the doctor that if he believed that this was a struggle between the wage-workers and the capitalists, then he was welcome into the ranks of the Socialist Labor Party.

Once or twice it looked as if the meeting would break up in a riot, for all vicious elements that are raised by the capitalist system were present; but speakers kept their wits about them and the meeting adjourned with hearty cheers given by the crowd.

Malloney and Rammel and the Socialist Labor Party.

The "brave cops" did not show faces at the meeting, so that the meeting would be encouraged in their dirty



## RAILROAD MEN

AND  
THEIR PROBLEM.

As long ago as 1878, Charles Francis Adams wrote in his book, "The Railroad Problem": "Capital is trying to protect itself and will succeed in doing it," alluding to the combination of Railroads into large Monopolies. He further expressed his sentiments in this strain. Writing on the vast number of retainers and employees, necessary under the competitive system, and the reduction of the same possible under large combinations: "The interests of these retainers and the corporations are exactly antagonistic."

How great the progress made by Capital in thus protecting itself can be estimated by all who read the daily news, or by observers of the present system of railroading.

In May, 1890, a railroad employee wrote to the WEEKLY PEOPLE an "Appeal to Engineers, Firemen, and Railroaders in General." He said: "What means the change of motive power from steam to electricity on the elevated roads, and the consolidation of the surface and elevated roads of Greater New York to the working class employed thereon, but who owns them?" The answer to this appeal has not been long in coming. Engineers receiving \$3.50 per day for ten hours, if employed as motormen, receive now \$2.00 or \$2.25 per day for longer hours, and to the locomotive fireman remains only the privilege of being enrolled on the extra list, as it takes but one man to manipulate a motor. Then, too, the automatic station announcers, with bells attached, and the levers operated by the engineers will add to the "protection of capital" by doing away with two or more of the guards. But this economy of men is only one form of the protection of capital, afforded by vast combination.

A terrible waste of men, a slaughter of human life worse than the carnage of war goes into this "protection." In coupling cars not equipped with safety appliances over six hundred brakemen were killed outright and six thousand maimed in one year in direct violation of a legislative act which the railroad corporations have been fighting since it was enacted in 1893—continually pleading for extension of time to equip their cars, and thus securing a legal right to murder so many more thousand men each year.—These facts, that all who run may read, bitterly affect the lives of hundreds of thousands of employees of railroads each year.

Would it not seem very natural that their "Brotherhoods of Engineers, Firemen and Railroaders in General" should rouse their members to a realization of the true import of the facts, and to some adequate solution of their problem? Read the journals. They furnish their organizations full of damnable rot; they perpetuate the time-worn doctrines of labor organized on the lines of "fighting capital with capital" and instead of heralding the "solidarity of labor" they hang on to the dirty skirts of the ancient order of an aristocracy of labor.

Let us read for ourselves their "Locomotive Firemen's Magazine," for instance. See how they handle the problems we have indicated as so terribly threatening to all railroad employees, take the matter of combination of interests. In an editorial headed "Getting closer together," an article by Bobt. Heriot in "The Engineer's Journal" is referred to. Mr. Heriot advocates "getting closer together," by the different departments of railroad employees, exchanging the "Labor Journal" of their respective trades, to what purpose? "Of course, we should give the preference in subscribing to the publications that represent the trades most similar to our own. What a change for the better it would be if every engineer would subscribe for the Firemen's Magazine, and each fireman do the same in regard to the Engineers' Journal!" Does this mean solidarity of labor? Ah, no. He weakly ends his appeal in this way: "How it would increase the circulation of both." But his climax scares the editor: "Combination in this, the last year of the century, seems to be in the very air we breathe. It seems to be stronger among commercial and industrial enterprises than it is with labor organizations."

To what this consolidation tends or what will be the end, God only knows, but in sheer self defense labor should profit by the example, for, after all, labor organizations, are combinations or trusts to maintain price of labor, but not like others, to restrict production, and by receiving a liberal wage they become consumers, thus helping all classes. The five railroad train orders, if they would, might profit by the great industrial concerns of the country. Not very radical, and surely far from being class-conscious, but the poor editor, the sneaky and fakir, degrading his class, comments thus: "Mr. Heriot's suggestion that engineers and firemen subscribe for each others official publications is a good one." Good for the business this editor is pushing. But now this further comment: "It is however, about fifty years in advance of the times when he proposes that SHEEP AND GOATS FEED FROM ONE BUNCH." In this case it is presumed the other

"sheep" and engineers "goats." How long will intelligent railroad men endure such wretched rot from the suckers of the old political parties?

Further, note what the editor has to say on the "Treatment of the Engine-men." Writing of a paper read before a railway club on this subject, he says: "In this paper a kindly interest in engine-men by railway officials is exemplified, and there certainly was a spirit of fairness throughout the entire address." And the address as given in part is full of cajolery and delusion, and should have been most heartily condemned by any true friend of railroad men.

The problem of non-use of safety appliances is ignored as existing in this country, but is treated from the English standpoint. Facts from the fakir Burns are quoted, and one who reads would be left in total ignorance of the terrible facts about the criminal neglect and deliberate murder practiced in America by railway corporations.

The whole magazine contains but one or two statements of grievances. The fact is brought out that locomotive firemen are receiving but little over half the wages per ton they received some years ago, while the profits on a train are double what they were. The broken compact of '94 is also mentioned, when the promise was made to railway employees that if they would quietly accept a ten per cent reduction of wages, the railway companies would restore wages as soon as business was good, and now that business is and has been "good" the railway companies have repudiated their agreement. Grounds enough for complaint, but how inadequate the appeal from this journal to the army of men suffering all this injustice! "Why is this?" they say. "Is it because they believe their employees have forgotten the agreement, or is it because they believe that like an old debt, the obligation has been outlawed?" It may be that the railway officials have concluded that a labor organization without a protective fund is like a cat without claws—perfectly helpless. What a conclusion! A startling illustration of the spirit that dominates the "pure and simple" trade unionism, propagating the false theory of fighting capital with capital. How false the rank and file of labor have been proven to them over and over again in time of conflict with injustice. Corporations never concern themselves about "protective funds" of labor organizations. Entrenched and protected as it is by the government, capital has only to turn the guns on the rebellious workmen and peace and abject slavery is secured.

But is all this false teaching, this pap that is dealt out to workmen in their journals inspired by ignorance of things as they are in the labor world? No! The pure and simple organizations are dominated by men, hirelings of the political parties of the capitalist class, who get their price for keeping down the revolutionary spirit, for keeping the unions in dense ignorance of what could be accomplished politically by determined, and radical fighting in place of toadyism and compromise with the oppressors. The time is coming, however, and coming soon, as the signs of the times bear witness, when these false leaders will be deposed. There is a spirit of solidarity growing in the army of workers expressed in the new trade unionism—the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance—where the spirit of the workers is the strength of the union, and not the protective fund. And this proletarian spirit, roused to a determined bitter fight is all that the capitalist fears. His weakness lies in numbers; as the workers will learn in the years to come; and their power at the ballot box will be demonstrated when they vote their own class into power. Then only will the problems of railroad men and all other workmen be solved. The powers that be have lived up to their determination, that capital shall and must be protected. Let labor cry out from one end of this country to the other: "Labor is trying to protect itself, and it will succeed."

ELLA REEVE COHEN.

## Campaign Starts in Westchester.

YONKERS, July 21.—The Socialist Labor Party opened the campaign in Westchester county at Yonkers last Friday evening. A mass meeting was held in Getty Square; it was a large and enthusiastic gathering.

Joseph Sweeney, chairman of the meeting, gave a short address on local issues, and then introduced, John J. Kinneally, Socialist Labor Party candidate for Congress from the Sixteenth Congressional District.

Kinneally began by taking up the class struggle. He showed that there is an irrepressible conflict between the class that owns the machinery of production and the class that must operate that machinery or die. He then vividly outlined the outrages committed against the working class at Buffalo, Brooklyn, Hazelton, Chicago, Homestead and the Idaho Pull Pen. He showed that it mattered not which party was in power, the commands of the capitalists were at once obeyed, by the Republican administration here, the Democratic administration there, the Bryanized Democracy yonder, and the Populists were ever ready to kill the wounded and capture the fleeing.

Kinneally, in closing, challenged each and all of his opponents to meet him and debate the question: "Wherein will the policy of your party benefit the working class?" After the meeting a bundle of the DAILY PEOPLE was sold. Kinneally will speak in Tarrytown next Friday evening, July 27.

## CASUAL OBSERVATIONS.

By Armand Hammer, Baltimore.

I have been observing. Incidentally, I have been thinking—thinking painful thoughts; painful because of the awakening, the sad, sad awakening of a misguided enthusiast. I have observed while thinking that Chicago is a wonderful city; Chicago where once in the long ago—in the days of tariff for revenue only—I slept in an abandoned dry-goods case.

In that time, I did a little casual observing, absolutely profitless, I may add; yet my observations then, and those I am now about to give to an anxious world, have a peculiar relationship.

But, as I have observed, Chicago is a wonderful city, because it is the abode of wonderful beings, and ever and anon, also semi-occasionally, it startles the humdrum capitalist world by performing wonderful things, Chicago is the only place on earth where the genus donkus amisonus editor thrives and waxes many.

The scientific investigation as to the origin of this strange species has led entirely in the direction of the Chicago river, the theory being that the microbe germinates in the bed of the stream, rises to the surface—and to the occasion also—becomes embedded in the atmosphere, finally, in the course of human events, freeing itself, and floating out into the great cosmopolis. Its most celebrated characteristic is editing—writing with the dignity and even tenor of a trained ape on exhibition at the Zoo. There are thousands of this phenomena or freaks (science has as yet been unable to determine its exact classification) given birth to annually by the ambient incubator, though but a few live long enough even in Chicago to attain the usual ambition of the species—running a paper. Of late, however, the crop has been exceedingly numerous; consequently the surprise is that more have not launched their common pest upon a patient public.

Yet these are more than sufficient, and I have no complaint to offer for the happy death. Not in the least.

In fact, I am thankful, for I had hoped that the disease would be confined to the international socialist magazine. I frankly admit my disappointment. There is the federalist, "a paper devoted to the interests of the International Typographical Union and allied crafts," so its editorial microbe announces, a worthy addition to the workers' gall literature of the times.

In a recent issue of this child of the aromatic breezes of the battling stream, an effort of the trained-ape type is made to show how pure and simple trade unionism rises superior to any "petty reform" (?), such as "Socialism aims to achieve." The pith of the argument is that "by working along the lines of least resistance trade unions ameliorate the condition of wage-slaves immediately," by redressing the hours of labor, increasing wages and establishing sanitary conditions in the workshop and factory," while Socialism would wipe out the entire amelioration business at one fell swoop.

I realize at last that I have been misguided. The "federalist" of Chicago, has roused me from my buoyant dreams. I have been chasing a chimera. A deadly blow has been dealt the Socialist Labor Party by the genus donkus. Yet the force of recollection floods me with memories of the night I roomed in a dry goods case not a stone's throw from the habitat of the editorial microbe—and my union card occupied a berth in my inside vest pocket, close to my inards.

There is a famine in India. You have read of it, of course. India is quite distant from the United States. But our capitalist lorgnette is sighted for great distances. India, through our glasses, is just the proper objective point. We can see the famine there very distinctly. I remember some years ago there was a famine in Ireland. Ireland, you know, is a British possession. India has a British-American ruler. At the time of the famine in Ireland, English landlords were evicting the Irish tenantry, and American landlords who were "dispossessing" Americans and other foreigners, were industriously soliciting financial aid for the "famine sufferers" in Ireland to enable them to pay their rent. Famine must be a terrible thing!

I have observed that it always occurs at some distant point. It will probably be heard of next in South Africa, or perhaps the Island of Jolo.

Louis Eisen, 35 years of age, shoemaker, consumptive, unable to work, killed his wife and one child in Baltimore Sunday morning, and cut the throat of another child, whose life is despaired of. A sear of the two squalid rooms on an attic floor that the unfortunate man called home, resulted in the finding of forty-two cents. Some boiled milk in a tin cup on a dilapidated one-burner oil stove was the only nourishment discovered in the place. The man had been unemployed three months, and his wife had been recently discharged as cured from the city hospital for the pauper insane. She had been removed there from the Hebrew Hospital, suffering with typhoid fever. Eisen was undoubtedly crazed by want, as he was a man of good habits and temperament.

But to revert to the subject of the Indian famine. (My habit of observation is slightly disconnected at times—and this is one of them.) One of "our" daily papers has inaugurated an "Indian famine fund." Up to date \$9,000 have been

day schools have not been behind-hand in soliciting funds. The superintendents offer prizes to the pupils turning in the largest sums quarterly. The prizes range in value from thirty cents to a dollar fifteen. It is needless to add that there is a marked rivalry among the pupils to secure the greatest amount of funds. A little pupil at one of the prominent Sunday Schools won a beautiful forty-cent necklace for the last quarter's collections. She turned in \$10.62 for the famine sufferers.

It is a great blessing we have never had a famine in this country. Of course we have had hard times, but these are nothing compared to famine—a time when a man is unable to pay his rent. Yes, famine is certainly a terrible visitation.

## ENJOINED.

The Evicted Workmen of Preston Are Now Set Upon by the Law.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 10.—The Pressed Steel Car Company have secured a preliminary injunction from Judge Joseph Buffington, in the United States Circuit Court, to restrain certain discharged employees, and others from assembling on the roads and about the gates of the works and interfering with the other workmen. The bill filed is directed against Andrew Thomson, J. J. Farmer, Joseph King, A. E. Morgan, M. Olaski, J. O'Brien, H. Dayton, D. Lewis, J. Lewis, Andrew Twomey, John Bodman, and George Jones.

The bill recites that on July 2, some of the workmen in the erecting shop insisted that four gangs of men should be put upon the erection of certain cars for the Pittsburgh, Bessemer and Lake Erie railroad, which work had previously been done by three gangs. It is claimed that this was an indirect demand for a large increase in wages and the company, not seeing its way clear to concede the demand, refused it. This led to the discharge of some of the men and others left voluntarily. It is claimed that the defendants and others have banded themselves together for the purpose of preventing employees and workmen from continuing work and preventing the plaintiffs from operating their plant, and also to bring about such a general strike of employees as will compel or coerce the plaintiffs to accept the terms of employment or shut down its mills. It is claimed that many of the employees have declined to join in a strike but have remained at work, while the defendants and others have assembled about the gates by day and night and by threats and menaces, and in some cases by actual assaults, endeavored to prevent employees from going into the mills. The company claims that through these repeated acts, threats and menaces, it has suffered great loss and damage, and a number of its workmen are afraid to continue at work for fear of bodily harm, all of which allegations are known to be false and without foundation in fact.

The court was asked to make an order restraining the defendants from continuing in their alleged unlawful conduct, and from in any manner interfering with the plaintiff's business or workmen, and that an account may be taken and the defendants ordered to pay the damages sustained by the plaintiffs. The bill was sworn to by W. H. Schoen, vice-president of the company, and was filed by Knox & Reed, counsel for the company.

Christians must get out of the habit of getting killed or there will be no countries left to which to expand. This time the news comes from Persia. Several missionaries have been "slaughtered in cold blood," which they probably had with them for the occasion. The next thing we know, manifest destiny will lead us to the old stamping ground of Darius, and we shall find that the natives there have insulted the flag. What is the particular commodity of Persia that we need?

Down South, Gordon and Shaw had a little tilt over the question whether or not the memory of causes which led to the rebellion should be kept alive. Gordon, in the usual "impassioned language" declared that he did not regret the part he had taken in '61. He aroused his audience to a pitch of intense fervor. It was eloquent and it was vivid. All of which amounts to a declaration that Gordon is busy mending his political fences. No matter what part he may have taken in the war, he is, to-day, one of the cleverest politicians in either the North or the South, and every word he utters has a political significance. Evidently there is a clash coming below the Mason and Dixon line, and Gordon is preparing for it.

New York is to have the greatest stock exchange in the world. It is not only to be the greatest in size, but is to cost the most money. The price paid will be several millions, yet a thing like that is of no consequence in a city and in a country where the stock-jobbing fraternity, toiling not, spinning not, is allowed to wax fat and rich. We can be sure of several things. It will be well ventilated, well heated, lighted, and commodious. In it the beloved of the nation must transact business for a few hours a day, therefore, it cannot partake of the tenement nature of the places in which the producers of wealth are hearded.

The Rev. A. M. Ribbany, a native Syrian, has withdrawn from the Congregational Church in which he formerly made his living, because he does not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, and intends to write a new bible. He should have had mercy and waited for cold weather. It is bad to grow excited in the temperature we endure now, and the strange fact that this Reverend does not believe what he has been preaching, is so strange and unusual that much excitement must prevail. It is interesting to know that the gentleman is to write his own bible.

## TO LURE NEGROES.

## Hawaiian Planters to Entice Colored Immigration.

Scheme to Supplant Japanese and Chinese Labor by Farm Hands from Southern States—Promises of Big Wages Held Forth—Expenses of Recruits Will Be Paid to the Islands.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23.—It is to the colored people of the Southern States that the plantation owners of the Hawaiian islands will turn for relief in the matter of the vexed labor question.

John Hind and J. B. Collins, of Kohala plantation, are en route for the Southern States in quest of negro laborers. They have assurance that 300 or 400 can be recruited at New Orleans. The plantation will pay their expenses to the country and give them \$30 a month. If enough negro labor can be secured the services of the Japanese at Kohala will be dispensed with altogether. The experiment is being watched by all the plantations. If it succeeds other plantation owners will undoubtedly bring in large numbers of negroes from the Gulf States. There is a strong prejudice here against the introduction of colored labor, but it now seems to be a necessity. It must be remembered that Japanese and Chinese immigration is at an end, as well as assisted immigration from Europe.

This new move of the planters is due to the attitude of the Japanese laborers in the recent strike, though the strike is a thing of the past. Peace was restored at Spreckelsville, and the last batch of malcontents resumed work in the cane fields. News from the islands is to the effect that all is quiet. Just what has been accomplished or lost by the strike is hard to tell. Everything will depend upon the future attitude of the laborers.

Nearly all the Japanese in the Territory walked out on June 14, the day the new laws went into effect. It is quite certain that the strike was agreed upon months before, as the understanding in regard to it was perfect from Kauai to Hawaii. Soon after the Japanese quit work the managers of all the plantations asked for conferences with them. Without exception the laborers' first demand was that their contracts, given under Hawaiian laws, be returned to them. The planters of Hawaii decided to comply with this demand. Maui, Oahu and Kauai managers followed the same course, and within a week all contracts had been returned to the laborers. Next came demands for higher wages. The figures varied on the different islands. In some cases \$30 a month, with house, food, wood, medicine, etc., was demanded. So far as can be learned this figure was not given anywhere, but compromises were effected all over at from \$18 to \$22.

At Spreckelsville, on the estate of the Hawaiian Commercial, serious trouble threatened for several days. It was there that the Japanese were said to have assaulted and badly injured the United States census enumerator, Sheriff Baldwin and a posse, when arresting the assailants, were set upon by nearly 600 Japanese, so the story goes, but succeeded in putting the strikers to flight and getting away with six of the ring leaders. One was sent to prison and the others were fined. High Sheriff Brown, with nine mounted policemen, hurried from Honolulu to the scene. He returned with the report that the laborers had gone back to work, and all was quiet.

The situation is good for the workers for the reason that the plantations are at the mercy of the laborers, and the little Asiatics know it. Any strike would succeed if he strikers only held out for a short time. Labor was never scarcer, and the plantations cannot afford to lose a single man. Unless some arrangements can be made for getting more laborers into the country it is believed that wages will soon have to be advanced to \$30.

## Daily People Picnic.

A meeting of the Entertainment Committee of Section New York, Socialist Labor Party, was held on Friday, July 20, at 8 p. m., at the Daily People Building. The Organizer of the Section reported having engaged Sulzer's Westchester Park for Saturday, Aug. 25, afternoon and evening. He further reports that the contract made with the proprietor calls for strict union arrangements. The report of the organizer was adopted. It was decided to print 5,000 tickets to be ready for distribution at the next meeting of the Daily People Conference; the price of admission to the picnic was set at twenty-five cents a ticket for gentleman and lady. The committee will meet every Friday at the Daily People Building to attend to the necessary arrangements.

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In 1890..... 13,831  
In 1892 (Presidential)..... 21,157  
In 1894..... 33,133  
In 1896 (Presidential)..... 36,564  
In 1898..... 82,204  
In 1899..... 85,231



For President,  
**JOSEPH FRANCIS MALLONEY,**  
of Massachusetts.

For Vice-President,  
**VALENTINE REMMEL,**  
of Pennsylvania.

When grasping tyrants offend,  
Or angry bigots frown;  
When rulers plot, for selfish ends,  
To keep the nations down;  
When statesmen form unholy league  
To drive the world to war;  
When knaves in palaces intrigue  
For ribbons or a star—  
We raise our heads, survey their deeds,  
And cheerily reply,  
"Grab, little moles, grub underground  
There's sunshine in the sky."  
—MACKAY.

## POLITICAL ST. VITUS DANCE.

The Republicans have started in this city what is nothing else than a political St. Vitus' Dance.

In several parts of town, at the hour of noon, and in a properly advertised place, a "speaker" (God save the mark!) and two or three Salvation Army-soldiers assemble with a score or two of minor office holders. The speaker speaks his piece, lauding McKinley and carefully vaulting over all the iniquities of his iniquitous administration: the score or two of office-holders applaud; then the singers take the stand and the lead, and the mob starts singing patriotic and other emotional hymns. The noise attracts passers-by. Many stray in to find out. The impressionable ones are affected not unlike the way such people are affected at revival camp-meetings: they join; clap their hands in rhythm; draw larger crowds, from among whom fresh accessions of emotional natures are drawn; and presently hysteria reigns supreme. The whole crowd is behaving as if seized with St. Vitus' dance.

A significant style of campaign agitation this is!

In these days of Roman Empire decline of ours, when the vertigo is seizing the ruling class, and the masses must be attuned to the song their masters play, the phenomena of the days of declining Rome turn up one by one. History is repeating itself. But the repetition is not monotonous. The tune is the same, but the key and the instrument through which it is now played are different. If this difference lies much that is worth noting; but much more that is encouraging.

Passing by the difference between the gorgeous feasts and shows with which the Roman proletariat was entranced, and the shabby hysterics with which modern Capitalism seeks to fascinate the American proletariat into impotence, the marked difference between now and then is the role played in society by the proletariat of old and the proletariat of today. The Roman proletariat was a menial class, fed from the table of the Roman lord; the American proletariat is a working class upon whom the capitalist lord feeds. The Roman proletariat was supported by the Roman rulers; the modern proletariat supports with its labor the ruling class of to-day. In this difference lies a whole world.

Out of bacchanalian orgies and popular hysterics, that old Roman society used to keep itself on top, nothing but a social cataclysm could ensue, with the barbarian at the gates to profit thereby. A fed mass of menials has not in its composition the germ of social reconstruction. Accordingly, the hysterics with which it is sought to palm his striking arm will be of no avail at this juncture in the history of the human race.

The St. Vitus' Dance performances, initiated by the politically ruling element of the economic ruling class of to-day, is, accordingly, not, as in the days of ancient

Rome, the death rattle of a whole nation, it is the death rattle of a ruling class only, the premonitions of the birth of a new social system—the Socialist Republic, where, the means of production being owned by all, all who work shall enjoy life, and all who can, but won't work, shall die.

## PENNY CATCHING PROHIBS.

We have received a printed programme of the State convention called by the Prohibitionists for next week. As we do not propose to advertise this group of real-estate speculators and their "choice locations" we will not publish this call.

Their programme well illustrates the low cunning and penny-catching proclivities of the sharks who engineer the prohibition scheme and the extreme silliness of their dupes within the so-called "party."

The first day of this political(?) convention is to be devoted to ten songs and four prayers. When it is remembered how long and how loudly the average prohib. minister can talk and sing through his nose, it will be seen how little time there will be left for such an ungodly pastime as politics.

The "programme" is a skillfully gotten up ad. to boom some real-estate owned by the promoters of the convention or their employers. A little penny-catching scheme is run on the side by charging 25 cents admission to the grove where the prayer-and-psalm-fest is to clamor.

The prohibition movement started out to elevate and free mankind,—that was its pretence. Denying the truth taught by the Socialists that "Poverty is the cause of drunkenness," they undertook to cure the evil by attacking the symptoms. Those among them who were honest and capable of thinking soon discovered, or are fast discovering, their error, and left, or are leaving, the party. The movement fell into the hands of the contemptible pietistic frauds who are to-day exploiting it.

Whatever of good and earnest desire to elevate mankind ever found lodgment in the prohibition ranks has long since deserted it. Those who are clear-headed and clean-hearted are to-day enrolling in that Party whose proud mission it is to abolish the mother of drunkenness—involuntary poverty. The Socialist Labor Party marches on to the performance of this task, stopping only long enough to point to the penny-catching, land-booming, note-shaving, labor-skinning pietists as a horrible example of the sinking of the scum of science from freak to fakir.

## WHAT THE CONTRADICTION MEANS.

American manufacturers of iron and steel goods reaped a harvest in China. The Trans-Siberia railroad, the bridges, the rails, the tools, and the locomotives were mostly manufactured here in this country. Northern China called for American products, and the field gave an opening for the steel producers to run to the limit of their capacity. The illustrated magazines and weeklies gave glowing descriptions and pictures of how we were "civilizing" the heathen world. While this prosperity was at its height the Chinese trouble came, and the world lost sight, for the time being, of the vast amounts of iron that had been dumped there.

The manufacturers, however, did not lose sight of it. Their interests were bound up in the matter. In fact, it is difficult to state just what hand they had in causing the trouble. The Chinese, as was natural, objected to the exploitation of the home field by foreigners. This matter was also overlooked by the public, but it remained a source of constant to the capitalists. The whole business world was aroused by the glowing reports which came from the new fields and then suddenly the boom stopped and sank out of sight. The peaceful country which only a few months ago was making startling advances in material prosperity became in a second populated with "blood-thirsty maniacs."

There is also another side to the question. When the trouble came there was the utmost harmony among the powers. Thereupon it was agreed that the ministers had been slaughtered and therefore there was no necessity for hurry. It would be much better to wait until a force capable of crushing all opposition had been gathered. Later comes the news that the ministers were not slaughtered but would be unless assistance was rendered at once. More delay followed, and the excuse still given was "a sufficient force had not been collected. There were fleets on the coast, no action was taken.

This further delay was followed by contradictory reports of all kinds. Conger's message betrays the whole plan. The United States, that is, the United States as represented by the exploiters in China, grew impatient. The trouble now in China, grew impatient. The trouble was not that the ministers were in danger of losing their lives, but that the terms for the division of China became uncertain because of the delay. Independent action would give better ex-

cause for the retention of more territory. Conger's message was expected to change the aspect of affairs, and the very change that took place, a complete revision from hope to impudency, shows that come what may the United States will strike.

It is not because of the ministers, but because of the bridges and the rails in the North. It is not because of the articles there now but because of what will be sent. The ministers, alive or dead, pass their point of usefulness when an excuse for an armed invasion of China is given.

The history of this present trouble is not read aright if we commence with the entrance of the Boxers on the scene. We must read that glittering prologue of the possibilities of China and the invasion of the land by American manufactures. We must take it from the reports of government representatives, and from reports of missionaries to their home bodies. The seed of the war is capitalistic, and from the seed the capitalist hopes to garner the bloody fruits of capitalism.

## WORKINGMEN AS SANDWICH-MEN.

A new departure in Labor Day parades will take place with the Housewives and Bridgemen's union. They will have four floats. On the first will be a hoisting engine and derrick; the second—a model of a steel-framed building; the third a gang of riveters at work; on the fourth a model of a steel-bridge.

The strangest things in this world can be accounted for. But how can one account for workingmen parading engines and derricks that don't belong to them and never will? What is more, who can account for the performance of pulling through the streets pieces of machinery that, as private property, robs and enslaves them?

Do these workingmen own steel-framed buildings and steel bridges? Are these models of building emblems of justice, or what are they emblems of? As several thousand workmen have lost their lives working on these buildings, are they not really emblems of death?

Why do they want to parade themselves at work on a float? Is it work alone they want? If so, then the chattel-slaves before the civil war were in an enviable position, for they really had more work than they wanted. Is work alone honorable? Then the cringing chattel-slave was the most honorable of all workmen.

One can at once understand why a capitalist should parade such things. One can understand why it should make a capitalist heart beat with joy to see "a gang of riveters at work;" it is this work that puts him in palaces to live and sends him and his family to toady with foreign decomposing dukes. To the men who own and sell machines, one can understand why they should grin themselves out of countenance; this, it is plainly seen, is a great free advertisement for the owners of the machinery displayed.

Thus these workingmen are being used as "sandwich men."

## ANOTHER SHOT AT SODOM AND GOMORRAH'S MOUTHPIECE.

We admit, with many coy blushes, that we thrashed the "Morning Telegraph" to such an extent that it was speechless for some few weeks. Then it recovered its wind, the only stock in trade of the "Telegraph," and started in again. We did not intend to insult Mr. Bierce in the matter of creasing his trousers. What we told him to do was to go and crease his head in order that he might finally get a wrinkle or two in his cerebrum. Such advice was fruitless, as he might as well try to fold a corn starch pudding into the semblance of a brain. What we should have told him, and what we hasten to tell him now, is that the only good and charitable use to which he can put his grey matter is to ornament some wayside stone wall with it.

The contention of the "Telegraph" that it has some regard for decency is well founded. If it did not regard it, New York might awaken some morning from its profound slumber and find one familiar little face missing. It lives on decency—but decency—well, Mr. Bierce's frank admission that he sometimes carried a cane is the first intimation we have yet received that the members of the staff did not carry spears, shields, and wear beautifully decorated clouds of sedge grass. We take his word for the fact that he carries a cane, but he should not stop there.

"After mature deliberation," furnished, no doubt, by the Tammany owners of the "Telegraph," Mr. Bierce takes another shy for his money. There are ninety-one vituperative adjectives in his article, and one pun; ninety-two admissions of puerility in all. He overworks the sewer allusion, he has a drool, filthy language and gas. All these he shoots at us from his own chaste mouth—a proper exponent of a party that batters on houses of ill fame; and sighs at the end like one who hopes that he has done well.

Our argument is not, and cannot be, with this gentleman any more than it

could be with his Ambrosial namesake of the cheerful jibbering. We carefully, and with intention aforethought, planted our foot on Tammany's rubicund countenance. Then we took a short pedestrian excursion along the medulla oblongata of the "Telegraph": in other words, we walked on its neck. Then, "after mature deliberation," Mr. Bierce reached into the cavernous depths of his innermost midst and fetched forth a most unearthly howl, a howl that was also a weeping cry of "I am hit."

He calls us hod-carriers, which is no disgrace; plow hands, which is also no disgrace. Then he whineys and wants to know why we persist in using "foul" language, won't we please stop it. We most certainly cannot call the paper for which he works anything but the official organ of the seraglio, or its list of matrons anything but the madams who control the same. We further cannot designate its staff as anything other than a collection of procurers, because truth must be told even though the circulation of the "Telegraph" and the wages of Mr. Bierce should fall proportionately to the smash up for all time of the "organized unwashed crime" of the city.

We do not know what the rates of the "Telegraph" are, but we pause and thank it in our humble way for the excellent two column advertisement which it saw fit to give us. We wish long life and Republican and also Democratic prosperity to Mr. Bierce as the worthy instrument, and advise him to continue the part in his hair, supposing he wears that as well as a cane, down until it reaches the neck.

The Tammany campaign fund has been placed at \$2,500,000, and the major portion of it comes from two sources: the office holders, and the "protected" interests.

In the first are all the persons who sweep streets, "weed-pullers" included; all who are at the head of departments, and who control any little seat in any little office. There are also the men who simply draw a salary, and make a good living at that arduous work. In the second are all the resorts, dives, gambling houses, crooked merchants, wholesale and retail dealers in gold bricks and knockout drops, and the dozens of little shopkeepers who have the privilege of selling adulterated goods. There will be more blood, more crime, and more lives on Tammany's fund this year than ever stained the money of all the pirates that laid the foundations of our leading New York families.

Edelman, the Anarchist who recently died, was at one time a member of the Socialist Labor Party. His expulsion marked an important stage in the Party's development. The peculiar mental warping of Edelman and his friends kept the Party in perpetual turmoil, and while he possessed a certain cleverness, his attitude toward political action made it necessary for the Party to rid itself of him. After that he dropped out of sight completely. Even his paper, "Solidarity," received little notice, and especially during the last five years, Edelman was almost forgotten. With him passed the last forlorn remnant of the "mild" flavored Anarchist. The blood and beer Anarchist carries very little weight excepting in the matter of saloon licenses.

The officers in the regular army have got into the good habit of avoiding all work connected with their special line of making a living. A man cannot fight all the time, but that does not prevent him from drawing his pay when he is laid off. Yet it is a curious circumstance that so many officers should have fallen into the habits of absenteeism when there is trouble on foot for their masters. They might at least earn their keep at such times. The list of men who hold government office and do nothing is really appalling. In the army and navy, the different departments and bureaus, are thousands of men who have no office in which there is any work. The army, above all at this time of year, is the worst. Most officers are at health resorts or else engaged in business deals. At the same time they are drawing government money. The only time when they really attend to their duties as soldiers is when there is a strike. Then indeed the army officer proves himself a faithful and obedient servant by slaughtering workmen.

The college man whose whole intellectual training and makeup revolt at the idea of Socialism, now betakes himself to the seashore or mountains, there to revel in the beauties of nature, and incidentally slugs bash at four dollars a week. He has two reasons for doing it. Money is no object, and he would not get it if it was, but he manages by this means to worry through the summer, and he also runs the chance of acquiring an original accumulation in the form of some foolish chit of a girl with dough. Truly, our modern institutions of learning, in school year, and in vacation, are great places.

The "mysterious" deaths, suicides, and insanity prevalent among the capitalist families are good evidence that debauchery and crime stamp themselves in eraciously upon all members of the family. The latest is the death of Havemeyer's daughter, who died under circumstances similar to those attending the death of her brother. The death of Havemeyer himself was not without its element of "strangeness." Evidently the family is strangled, and is forced to seek death to escape the consequences of its own acts. The startling point is that it is only one of a dozen families with a similar history.

## LAW AND LABOR.

BY POLLEXPER.

The legal "tont" is an institution that has evidently come to stay. He thrives on the railroad corporations, and as long as those corporations maintain their policy of refusing to settle a case which is just, and against which they have no defense, until on the eve of a trial, which event usually takes from eighteen months to three years after commencing suit, so long will poor people be compelled to listen to the "Ambulance Chaser" that they may thus obtain through him the services of an attorney to fight the case through all the courts on a contingent fee. The "legal tont" is no better nor worse than the other "tonts" that congregate in the corridor of the country court house, and there can be found "tonts" of all kinds; the printers' tont, who prints briefs; the newspaper tont, who seeks legal advertisements; the tont of the trust companies who seeks litigants to hire his company to go on bonds and undertakings.

Not until the morale of the Bar reaches the old standard of the past, when the lawyer's fee was an honorarium, will the "tont" pass away.

At the Commencement of the New York Law School, that eminent journalist, St. Clair McKelway, in his remarks, stated: "I do not presume to say that an appointive judiciary or an elective judiciary is the better system. We have had poor and good judges under both systems, and we have had impeached judges under both systems, but what I do want to say is that any system by which the bench owes its patronage and power, and everything else connected with it to a political organization, is a reflection upon a learned profession, and a peril to a free commonwealth."

In Massachusetts judges are appointed and the Boston "Transcript" seems to be in ecstasy over its system, and asserts "That every new manifestation of the working of the elective system for judges ought to anchor Massachusetts more solidly in her own superior method." It condemns the appointment of United States District Judge Hazel, and places his appointment to the endorsement of the Supreme Court Judges of this State, who were elected, and by reason of being elected, were under the influence of the politicians. What difference is there between politicians who cause judges to be appointed and those who bring about their election? Is not the remedy, if one exists, more accessible when the election of the judges is in the hands of the people under an elective system, than when under an appointive one? It seems, to us, that an appointive system is not better than an elective one, and it might be added that the method of selecting judges will not result in all judges so selected being and remaining honest. The history of the world demonstrates that it is only material independence that will make and retain a pure judiciary.

The Mayor vetoed a bill passed by the last Legislature which provided for increasing the salary of the Municipal Court judges. These judges could bring about many reforms the failure to accomplish which subject them to severe censure by lawyers and laymen. These reforms the people demand, and if the Municipal Court judges will hold court even the calendar so that the small causes there tried will be reached in short order, nobody will begrudge them a raise of salary. As these judges now conduct their business, lawyers, merchants, workmen and others have to wait the whole day, and sometimes several days before a case is reached. The saving of time to litigants in general would amply repay the increase asked for. But why do not the judges take the initiative in this reform before the Legislature acts? As the judges cannot practice law, why should they do practically nothing three or four days in the week.

Some people have found fault with the rate our court stenographers charge for transcribing minutes, and also as to the amount of their salary. If those people only knew the labor and energy exerted and nerve force wasted by our painstaking stenographers, they would not gainsay their present remuneration. We have in our courts of this Greater City an excellent staff of court stenographers.

It would not be amiss to mention our court clerks, many of whom have been in the service of the county for over a quarter of a century, and all of whom are courteous, intelligent and able and ever ready to serve Bench, Bar and litigants. The county clerk is the clerk of the Supreme Court, and the clerks in the various parts of the Supreme Court are in theory acting under his directions, being deputies to the county clerk. The officials in the county clerk's office, for some few years past have handled our court records to the general satisfaction of the Bar. But, Oh, ye shades of Tweed, did you while on earth ever dream in visions, that when you would have completed the County Court House it would have harbored such a worthless lot of court "attendants." While there are a few men including some youngsters, appointed within the past few years, who are able, courteous, and attentive to their duties, there are many who sleep in chairs while a case is trying, and have to be aroused by the judge when required to carry an exhibit from the lawyers' table to the witness chair, and one of these attendants can almost always be found at his concert hall instead of the court house. Many of these old political hack attendants can well afford to be retired for some active young men, as many of them are owners of real-estate.

The audacity that made some of these men court attendants can be no better illustrated than was recently done by one of their number, who said, "I can never forgive Mr. Croker for closing my pool room."

## NEWARK LETTER.

A number of citizens in the neighborhood of Stengel's tannery are petitioning to the Grand Jury to have the tannery abolished. Reason: the various growsome, insinuating and horrible odors arising from said tannery. George Stengel, one of the firm, had this to say:

"Oh, this protest is nothing new. They have been kicking against the place for several years. Why, it is no worse than any other tannery, and, in fact, not as bad. My men want to live as well as they do, and are entitled to breathe the fresh air as well as they are. Then, besides, the odor is not unhealthy. It is one of lime, which is largely used as a disinfectant, and lime, you know, is healthy. Why, there has been a tannery in these buildings for the past thirty-five years, and in that time people have moved here and built up all around it. Now they want to drive us out. Well, they will succeed if they keep up, for I am now negotiating for a new plant in Waverly and expect to have it completed by April 1, 1901.

"If you think a tannery is unhealthy go look at the men at work in that so-called obnoxious cellar. A healthier looking lot of men you never saw and they are working in it all the time."

Indeed a "healthy" lot of men. It is to be feared that our multi-millionaires, our statesmen, the professions, et al., will most graciously pick up the cue thrown so gently to them by George Stengel, and lie themselves to the inviting snuggles of aforementioned tannery, there to roast their shins in winter, and to cool their heads in summer with copious draughts of the health that smells. A sort of strenuous life.

The Flower City Kid Works, by permission of that genuine anomaly called "Board of Health," dump refuse in the shape of leather scrap, arsenic, lime, dog-manure and other things not mentioned in the Bill of Fare, in the lots bounded by Magazine St., Hamburg Pl., and Ave. L. The stench will not "take your breath." It is too heavily charged, it may cause you to lose your dinner and make things look shabby about your supper.

But, according to Stengel, it's "healthy." A sort of an inverted Chinese stinkpot. The stinkpot is healthy looking, but stinks. Stengel's healthpot stinks, but has unlimited quantities of health hidden in the crevices—indeed on certain foggy, east-wind days, when Lister's Fertilizer Works send their blessings, and the Celluloid diligently breathes out its nitric acid fumes in the bargain and Balbach's Smelting Works send their arsenic and lead-laden vapors in as a premium—all else dwindles away. Old shoes and feathers seem a relief, and Hunter's Point seems an innocent, blue-eyed, pink-toed, warbling cherub, too weak to walk, when the factories of Athens on the Passaic have the "vapors."

Gregoria Salvin, while walking along the tracks of the Newark and New York Branch of the N. J. C. R. R., noticed some children on the street below in danger of being run over by a Ferry St. trolley. He yelled to them, but could not make himself heard. He yelled louder and louder, and in his excitement did not hear the noise of an approaching New York train. Being on one of those plain girder bridges, he had no way to get out and was caught between bridge and train and ground to pieces. The train that he wanted to go on mangled him. Capitalism in its "cheapness," hurry and struggle, runs cars in streets too narrow.

Pictures of the Italian warning children of an impending danger and being ground up by a danger as great.

The White Bridge on the Plank Road to Jersey City is as unsafe as anything can well be imagined. It crosses the Passaic River, and lives back in my memory some 23 years. It may have been repaired since, but I recollect its peculiar shape well. Certain it is when the North Jersey Street Railway Co. (then the Consolidated) first ran their "canal-boats" over it, \$47.00 worth of timber was nailed and bolted to it, giving it a most ludicrous and "reassuring appearance."

The tremendous traffic, notably Sundays, that goes on, cannot fail to tell on the bridge. Some day the bridge is bound to break, and then the "yaller" sheets can sell a few extras telling about an "accident."

Many a commuter on the Newark and New York line feels a chill of horror creep up his spinal column when he feels the jolt and bang of the car as it crosses that tooth-pick and match-wood affair called White Bridge. To paraphrase Mr. Stengel, "It's healthy!"

This same disregard for human life is evidenced by the never-ending question of Raising the Tracks. Plans upon plans have been chewed forward and backward. It seems the city government is not willing to pay the entire expense. There are tax-payers who must be obeyed. And so this vital question also hangs fire.

Track-raising ever was like pulling teeth. Even the "independent" and "sagacious" Mayor Seymour seems to regard it in that light. As yet this "friend of the people" in general, and "friend of the working class" in particular, has not stopped a train, or fined one of the companies, where they violate all sorts of laws and ordinances. The Market St. crossing of the Pennsylvania R. R. is the greatest public nuisance in New Jersey. It is a question whether there is a square foot of surface there that has not been spattered with human blood.

Singular that there are still workingmen to be found, who, after all the turning down they've received at the hands of Rep-Dem office holders, will still throw their votes away on such vermin. Still, if appearances do not deceive there will be a little surprise next November. Dissatisfaction seems universal among the working class. With patience the S. L. P. will run that precursor of class-consciousness into proper channels to the eventual extinction of stinks, rotten bridges, grade crossings and the capitalist system in general.

LITTLE BILLY.

Newark, N. J., July 23.



## Uncle Sam and Brother Jonathan.

BROTHER JONATHAN—I say I am now at last in dead earnest. I admit I used to have cobwebs in my head, but they have now all been swept away. I did once have a notion, and I lingered long, that some good might be achieved by some good capitalist officeholder. I did, even as late as last election, pick out what I considered good men from among those candidates. I am now right: they are all alike, none is worth the powder to blow his nose to hell with. That Idaho Bull Pen affair, the conduct of Bryan and the "Reformers" in lying low about it; the politeness or worse of the Anti-Trusters in keeping mum about it;—this and many more such occurrences have cured me. I henceforth am with you, never again shall I vote for a capitalist. I shall only vote for workingmen. I'll pick workingmen out of all the old pieces.

UNCLE SAM—You started fine, but managed as you always do, to land seriously back again into the ditch.

B. J.—That's just like you. It seems one can never act to suit you. Your motto seems to be: "You are damned if you do, and you are damned if you don't." Formerly I voted for the capitalists, and you made it your business to give me a laying out regularly; now I am ready to vote for the workers, and you inform me I am back in the ditch.

U. S.—Now, if you will just keep your shirt on one minute and thirty seconds, you will see that you are off all around.

B. J.—I'd like to know how.

U. S.—Have I not again and again told you that at this social crisis, as at all social crises, the question is one of PRINCIPLES and not of MEN?

B. J.—Well, yes.

U. S.—Have I not again and again shown you the difference there is between a "reform" and a "revolutionary" period?

B. J.—Very well.

U. S.—Has it not always been the burden of my song that in a "reform" period, when the question is merely to improve an existing and settled social system, PRINCIPLE is in abeyance, and personal predilections may prevail?

B. J.—That's all right.

U. S.—But that when a "revolutionary" is at hand, and the question is, not merely to improve, but to overthrow an existing system that has become unworkable, here PRINCIPLE becomes paramount.

B. J.—Granted.

U. S.—Stick a pin there, and now look at it from another side. Do you believe that everybody who voted for Breckinridge in 1860 was a knave?

B. J.—No.

U. S.—Do you imagine that all Abolitionists elected in 1860 were runaway saults?

B. J.—No.

U. S.—Now join the two lines of thought. Can you escape the conclusion that when an intelligent man voted in 1860, he was for the platform on which the candidate stood, for the principle represented, and not for the men?

B. J.—I grant that, too.

U. S.—The principles that peeped through every line of the political platforms of 1860 were, on the one hand, "slavery shall go," on the other, "slavery shall stay." Our people divided upon those lines. They felt confident that the same as a shoemaker is chosen for his capacity to make shoes and not for his being or not being a jolly fellow, by voting for a pro-slavery man he would see it, if elected, that slavery would be kept up; and by voting for an anti-slavery man, he would see to it, if elected, that slavery was abolished. Ain't it?

B. J.—Yes. But for that very reason if I vote for a workingman, makes no difference with what party he happens to be, if elected, he will see to it that wage-slavery is wiped out.

U. S.—Do you ever hear of a fellow called Benedict Arnold?

B. J.—The damned traitor! I should think I did!

U. S.—And did you ever hear of a son of Benjamin Franklin who was Colonial Governor of New Jersey, and stood by the British Crown?

B. J.—Yes. He was a blot on the name of the great Franklin.

U. S.—And did you ever hear of the native-born Tories, who in Trinity Church of New York used to pray, during the Revolution, for George III, instead of George Washington?

B. J.—I did; the scoundrels!

U. S.—Were not all these people American colonists?

B. J.—Certainly.

U. S.—Suppose some one were to have told you during our Revolution, "I am going to place confidence henceforth only in American colonists. Wherever I shall find an American colonist I shall hand him up against the British Crown." Would you not have kicked the fellow into kingdom come?

B. J.—Most assuredly.

U. S.—Now, then, old boy, for the same reason, you should look with added suspicion upon any workingman who stands on a capitalist platform, or herds with capitalists. He is worse than they. He is a traitor to his class. He is a compound of Benedict Arnold and traitor Tories. See?

B. J.—Jehosophat, that's so!

U. S.—Henceforth, let our motto be: "Look out for, down with the modest Benedict Arnolds!"



# BLOEMFONTEIN FIELD HOSPITAL A PEST HOUSE.

British Soldiers Murdered by British Officers In South Africa—Startling Revelations of Mr. Burdett-Coutts—Typhoid Fever Patients Lying on the Ground—Comments of the English Capitalist Press and the English Socialist Press.

## One Capitalist Side of Bloemfontein Field Hospital Scandal.

FROM "LONDON SKETCH"

The recent statements by Mr. Burdett-Coutts concerning the hospital arrangements at the front naturally aroused feelings of the gravest concern in the bosoms of most of us, for there are few families in the kingdom to-day who have not either a relative or a friend serving at the front. The thought that they might at any moment become the victims of mismanagement and inadequacy alleged to be almost as gross as that which prevailed during the Crimea, caused something like consternation in the minds of many. That Mr. Burdett-Coutts conscientiously believed that he was doing his duty in making the sweeping assertions which lately came from him we willingly granted; nevertheless, we could not rid ourselves of the impression that he had taken up too one-sided an attitude, and when the denials and explanations which the charges of the member for Westminster drew forth were published, we were confirmed in the opinion. Not that for a moment we would pretend that the hospital arrangements at the front are perfect. Far from it. What we advocate is merely that a more level-headed, unprejudiced view be taken of the matter, and that judgment should be reserved and alarm stilled until we have both sides of the case placed before us. Would-be well-doers should bear in mind that it is just possible that more harm than good may be done by making wholesale assertions, and that no cause is sufficiently strong to bear being exaggerated with impunity. Moreover, it is a kind or a wise thing to throw a whole nation into a state of anxiety, to use no stronger word, at a period like the present? The calm and more statesman-like method will, we are sure, be found to be the best, for it will most readily achieve the object in view.

War is war, and though we should be the first to rejoice at a hospital service so perfectly organized that it could accompany the army anywhere, be set down in its entirety, and increase or decrease in the matter of accommodation, according to the number of casualties, at a moment's notice; nevertheless we know that the ideal is one utterly impossible of attainment. Therefore the only thing that remains to do is to "take due consideration with another," and look at the thing in a practical light. While we deplore the sufferings entailed upon our brave wounded, we nevertheless recognize that in operations such as have recently been carried out in South Africa the army must be kept mobile at all costs; and this means that all possible energies must be devoted to getting troops from one place to another to fight, with the inevitable result that all means of transport are absorbed in achieving the one great object. As a matter of fact the closeness with which the hospitals have always followed up the advance has been most noteworthy,

the innumerable difficulties considered.

With regard to the picturesque description of No. 9 Hospital at Bloemfontein as "a tented city of pestilence," we can only express the opinion that Mr. Coutts has based his statements on one instance, quite forgetting the other hospitals he has seen. Lord Roberts has assured us that he himself visited the hospitals repeatedly in order to be sure that the patients were made comfortable, and had the utmost attention, and found that everything possible had been done to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and wounded. A full hospital may not always be the best possible place for a fever patient, but a journey by train to a less crowded part would probably double the chances of a fatal termination to the disease. When statistics prove that the scale of ten per cent. bed accommodation for the whole force had been maintained throughout, the case against those responsible is surely not so black as it is painted. That a certain small percentage of patients should succumb because the facilities for treating them were not absolutely perfect is not surprising; for campaigns are not conducted by clockwork. If every effort is made to remedy an evil as soon as it is apparent—and in this case it would appear that it has—we cannot condemn. It is cruel, and it is a pity; but we must not lose sight of the fact that it is likewise war.

As showing the manner in which the accommodation has been enlarged we cannot do better than quote a note sent to us by a prominent officer connected with No. 8 General Hospital at Bloemfontein, which reads: "Encamped on the great plain outside Bloemfontein—probably the finest position in South Africa, and certainly the most enormous extent of canvas ever occupied by a hospital. Colonel Beamish's command has increased from one to almost four general hospitals, the state-lieutants and bell tents covering the breezy, illimitable upland, presenting a very impressive spectacle from far and near." This does not exactly convey to the mind the idea of "a tented city of pestilence."

The testimony of Dr. Conan Doyle, who went through the enteric epidemic at Bloemfontein, goes entirely to show that the medical department did very well, despite the fact that it was severely tried. At some periods the fever was so bad that the hospitals were accommodated three times the number they were intended for; but the worst cases were always put in beds, and the mildest ones on stretchers; the convalescents were the only ones to lay on waterproofs. It resolves itself into this: that all that could be done was done, with the result that the percentage of deaths from enteric was only half as great as in the London hospitals. During April and May 10,000 sufferers were admitted at Bloemfontein, and of these 1,300 died; while in the metropolis the average mortality is from 20 to 30 percent.

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We do not feel called upon to apportion the blame; in our view most of the horrors are the inevitable result of a war, like the present, carried on absolutely and entirely in the interests of the governing classes, without the slightest regard to any consideration save their profit. Under such circumstances Tommy Atkins is a grand fellow as long as he is fighting for his masters, but when he is too ill to fight any longer he is not worth a further thought. That may not be the idea of all military commanders, although it is the true spirit of militarism, but it has been indubitably the dominant idea to which the jingo press has given expression. On one of the occasions when General Buller fell back across the Tugela, one of the yellow journals gave utterance to this idea when, in reference to Buller's statement that the retreat had been effected without the loss of a single man or a pound of stores, it declared that it would have rejoiced at the loss of ten thousand men if only the position had been carried. This is the dominant sentiment of our plundering classes, and their military commanders have but to give effect to that sentiment. Here and there will be found a humane man among military officers, as in all other classes; but too much consideration for the common soldier would unfit a man for the position of commander.

It is his business to win battles, to carry the campaign to a successful issue, and everything else has to be subservient to that. The common soldier is but a part of the means to that end; he is not a man, but a machine. When he falls sick or is wounded, he ceases to be useful, and becomes an incumbrance and a nuisance. A military commander has to make his movements and deliver his blows as swiftly and effectively as possible; therefore, his first consideration is to get all his fighting material, men, horses, guns and ammunition, to a given point, and as the men and horses, to be able to fight, must be fed, his second consideration is the commissariat. The sick and wounded are of no use to him; on the contrary, they are an incumbrance, so they and their care are of the last and least importance. Seeing that the men in the fighting line had to subsist for days on a scanty ration of biscuit that a dog would refuse unless he was starving, is it any wonder that at Bloemfontein Mr. Burdett-Coutts found that hundreds of men were lying in the worst stages of typhoid, with only a blanket and a thin waterproof sheet (not even the latter for many of them), between their aching bodies and the hard ground, with no milk and hardly any medicines, without beds, stretchers, mattresses, without pillows, without linen of any kind, without a single nurse amongst them, with only a few ordinary private soldiers to act as "orderlies," rough and utterly untrained to nursing, and with only three doctors to attend on 350 patients?

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jected when they are sick and helpless; we should advise the War Office authorities to bill all the recruiting stations with the following extract from Mr. Burdett-Coutts's letter:

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It is, indeed, a horrible picture, of which no adequate impression can be formed from a mere verbal description. That it is true, as well as much more that has not been and never will be told, there is no reason whatever to doubt. Certainly, it is not quite in accord with the rosy picture given us by Mr. Treves or Sir William MacCormac. But these gentlemen admittedly did not visit the scenes of which Mr. Burdett-Coutts gives us so vivid and terrible a description, and all the explanations and excuses which have been made by the officers in South Africa or by the War Office only serve to confirm the truth of his story. There is, moreover, ample confirmation from other sources of the truth of what Mr. Burdett-Coutts has related, and nothing that the Commander-in-Chief, or his chief of staff, or the War Office can do or say will alter the fact that British soldiers have been allowed to suffer indescribable tortures, to rot to death of disease, with less care than would be bestowed upon a dying cur, in the interest of Rhodesian imperialism and the classes who benefit by it.

## Another Capitalist Side of the Bloemfontein Field Hospital Scandal.

FROM "LONDON SKETCH"

During the past ten days we have heard much of the sad side of the hospital administration at the front. So persistently has it been dinned into our ears, indeed, that one might well be pardoned for coming to the conclusion that there was no other; but, the testimony of men on the spot apart, we are convinced from other evidence that there is another side to the picture. We refer to that South African Punch, The Devil's Fountain or Deelfontein Gazette, the official organ of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital in their camp in South Africa. A copy of one of the numbers lies before us on the table as we write, and, inasmuch as its pages reflect the spirit which pervades the camp, we propose to give our readers a glance at its contents.

We will start with the advertisements. Under the familiar heading "Wanted"—for there are "wants" in South Africa as well as Fleet Street—we read:—

"Immediately, by the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital, two or three more genuine Yeomen or members of the C.I.V. with real wounds. Address, Box 3, Devil's Fountain, suggesting complimentary terms. Board and residence free, excellent cuisine, choice wines, young society, music, dancing, pretty nurses, home comforts, perfect sanitation, large and distinguished medical staff, under the personal supervision of Colonel Sloggett, R.A.M.C., to whom all complaints should be addressed. Inspection invited. References as to character are expected."

Recent events have awakened us to the fact that South Africa is the land of expeditious fittings, so that we are by no means surprised to read, under the heading "Removals":—

"Furniture, camps or towns carefully removed by experienced hand at a moment's notice, day or night, wet or fine. Should the first site chosen be imagined unsatisfactory, or if, for any other equally good reason, a second or third should be desired, the whole process may be repeated 'ad lib.' throughout the day. Distance no object. For estimates apply Messrs. Dresser Brothers, Prospect House, Devil's Fountain."

The paper is intended to be a truthful record of life in the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital, the whole of the medical staff being contributors; while we are assured that "all the abuses connected with journalism elsewhere will be strictly avoided." The editorial mind evidently becomes very sensitive, not to say scrupulous, under the influence of the South African atmosphere. One of the notes even goes the length of expressing the opinion that exception may possibly be taken to the title selected for the Gazette; but goes on to soothe the doubter by assuring him that it is a "fairly close" translation of the old Dutch words by which the district was originally named. At first it was proposed to add the word Lyre or Liar to the title Deelfontein, but better counsels prevailed. Moreover, it was felt that it would be unjust to compete against a contemporary of such established fame as the Ladysmith Lyre. That this was a noble piece of self-sacrifice on the part of the editor we may gather from the statement that several of the junior contributors offered to display their unvarnished talents, of which they were justly proud. So sensitive is the journal, however, that its readers are solemnly promised that any statements it contains which cannot be verified will be marked with an

asterisk; and we would add, in this connection, that our most careful researches have failed to discover an asterisk.

There were great doings, we are told, when the nurses arrived in camp, despite the fact that it was rumored that a couple of the sisters had received serious wounds in the battle of Love on the transport, though the names of the sufferers are not announced. According to further authentic reports we learn that the weather was of the most favorable. The flies never trouble unless one wants to repose after luncheon. Then, however, they have a diverting way of jumping about on one's face, doing foolish clog dances on one's nose or playing leap frog over your forehead. Mosquitoes are at a premium in Deelfontein; but there are beetles and scorpions in plenty, to say nothing of "toch-toch."

A toch-toch, by the way, is a mournful-faced individual without wings, but possessed of crab-like claws, a horn protruding from his noble brow, and a body which seems to account for all his trouble. Being far too large and fat, it is naturally an object of universal sympathy on account of its delicately suggesting high living and an enlarged liver. It is, moreover, shielded, armed and cased, and the fervent prayer of the patient in No. 4 tent, where a specimen can be seen at a day's notice, is, "Of all animals in our beds, save us from toch-toch." The motto of the camp seems to be, "Cheer up, we'll soon be dead," and it is evidently deemed an excellent stimulant to flagging spirits, of which, however, there would appear to be a remarkable dearth.

They had a very bad sandstorm in Deelfontein camp lately; and the pity of it was that it came upon the occupants at a most inconvenient time—while they were finishing their Sunday dinner, which consisted of a tin of Australian pressed beef, appearing much like chocolate-sauce cut into nice pieces, then forced into a tin, baptised with a spoonful of Bovril, and soldered down—and tasting about the same. Then came the Damppling, with a capital D, as it were, for the storm broke, the rain coming down with a fierce hissing sound as though the heated, sandy veld was greedily lapsing the falling drops. Through the storm the voice of the lusty-lunged Sergeant-Major rang out, "Fall in, men, to the rescue!" for two of the sisters' marquee had blown down; one of the nursing sisters' sleeping tents and the mess tent, all having collapsed on the top of the fair occupants. "Under the canvas we dived pell mell," writes a St. John's Ambulance man, "amidst beds, dresses, chest of drawers, boots, shoes, chairs, umbrellas, parasols, photographs, roll-dolls, hussies, scissors, needles, tapestry, and—yes!—a bottle of champagne! Had it not been for—the neck would not have come off so quickly. A taceup was handy, and when the tears had cleared away from my eyes I saw him approaching me. 'Give me a hand with this,' says he, his eyes expanding eagerly, then sotto voce: 'let's have a drink; you greedy devil.' He looked strong enough to bear delay, so I emptied the cup before passing the bottle. We crept about a little longer finding a lot of useful little things for the sisters, and finally, boiling hot, emerged once more into broad daylight. The tents were erected next day, but although the breeze blew vigorously they refused to fall." Lock beneath the buoyant surface and ask yourself if that looks like misery, want of organisation or lack of material?

## The Socialist Side of the Bloemfontein Field Hospital Scandal. From "London Justice."

No little surprise, indignation, consternation and skepticism has been manifested at the statements of Mr. Burdett-Coutts with reference to the condition and treatment of the British sick and wounded in South Africa. For ourselves, we see no reason whatever to doubt these statements, in any particular, or even to regard them in any way as highly colored or exaggerated. On the contrary, we are astonished at the surprise and consternation they have caused. Horrible as is the story, it is no worse than was to be expected under the circumstances. What does anybody really care for the common soldier, after all? He is only food for powder, mere war material. And when he is no longer available as a fighting man he is worth no more consideration than the shattered timber of a gun. Our experience of the utter callousness and indifference with which the sufferings of the proletariat in civil life are regarded, should teach us to expect nothing better in warfare. Such arrangements as are made for the sick and wounded, inadequate as they are, are only a concession to sentimental humanitarians, a hypocritical cloak for the horrors of war, and a vivificationist hospitals and other "charitable" institutions of our cities are a cloak for the atrocities of industrial life. War is war, and involves cruelty, brutality, inhumanity, and horrors unspeakable; and seeing how frequently

and how completely the arrangements for the comfort and even the sustenance of soldiers break down in time of peace, four or five deaths, for instance, at an Aldershot field day, through the failure of the commissariat, it is scarcely surprising that in war time sick and wounded men should suffer and die by hundreds untended and uncared for.

We do not feel called upon to apportion the blame; in our view most of the horrors are the inevitable result of a war, like the present, carried on absolutely and entirely in the interests of the governing classes, without the slightest regard to any consideration save their profit. Under such circumstances Tommy Atkins is a grand fellow as long as he is fighting for his masters, but when he is too ill to fight any longer he is not worth a further thought. That may not be the idea of all military commanders, although it is the true spirit of militarism, but it has been indubitably the dominant idea to which the jingo press has given expression. On one of the occasions when General Buller fell back across the Tugela, one of the yellow journals gave utterance to this idea when, in reference to Buller's statement that the retreat had been effected without the loss of a single man or a pound of stores, it declared that it would have rejoiced at the loss of ten thousand men if only the position had been carried. This is the dominant sentiment of our plundering classes, and their military commanders have but to give effect to that sentiment. Here and there will be found a humane man among military officers, as in all other classes; but too much consideration for the common soldier would unfit a man for the position of commander.

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